

P S

3525

769J6

1910

Joyous Days

THEN AND NOW

TAKE
me
back to
dear old
play-
days

when the morning
broke with joy;
When the night came,
softly soothing to
a sleepy little boy;
When there were no woes
or troubles in a life
secure from harm;
Take me back--I'm homesick
heart-sick--to that old
life on the farm.

Maybe you have felt
as I do when your life
seemed dull and gray
When you longed for wings
like eagles that could
carry you away,
That could take you
where they loved you, where
your golden dreams came
true
In the dear old childhood
play-days of the sweet
old life you knew.



By The
News Staff Poet.



Class PS3525

Book A69J6

Copyright N^o 1910

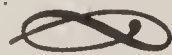
COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

Joyous Days



Joyous Days

THEN AND NOW



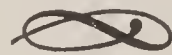
SELECTED VERSES

By

HARRY L. MARRINER

"The News Staff Poet"

Illustrations by John F. Knott
Decorations by Ben B. Lewis



DALLAS, TEXAS

The Western Press

1910

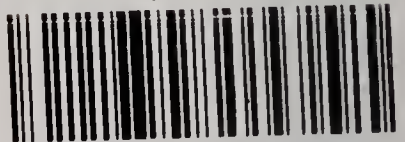
PS 3525
.A69 J6
1910

COPYRIGHT 1910
BY HARRY L. MARRINER
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED
PUBLISHED OCTOBER, 1910

These verses are reprinted through
the courtesy of the Galveston-Dallas
News, in which they originally appeared
as a daily feature.

WILKINSON PRINTING CO.

Library of Congress



2009

525068

© CL A272801

016117
7, 1910
S. W. Foster
Dallas



O those who, day after day, have read these foolish verses on the front page of the Galveston-Dallas News for three long years, who have wept sincerely when "the staff poet" tried to be funny and who have laughed with equal sincerity when he ventured into the pathetic, and who, concealing their outraged feelings, have generously forborne the logical employment of the brickbat and the storage egg, this little volume is tremblingly dedicated, by

The Author.

THERE



ARE DAYS when
the golden-rod
beckons a man
with a soul, out of
doors;

When the whisper
of breezes insist-
ent lures them
from the office or
stores,

Out where there is
Nature triumphant
who points out her
wonders so new—

The wonders of
Springtime's crea-
tion; the much
that Dame Na-
ture can do.

Could you, oh, ye busy inventor, make
buds, or the moss on that tree?

Oh, Science, can years of your study make
clover or gold-banded bee?

Alchemist, could your transmutation make
streams that of silver are made?

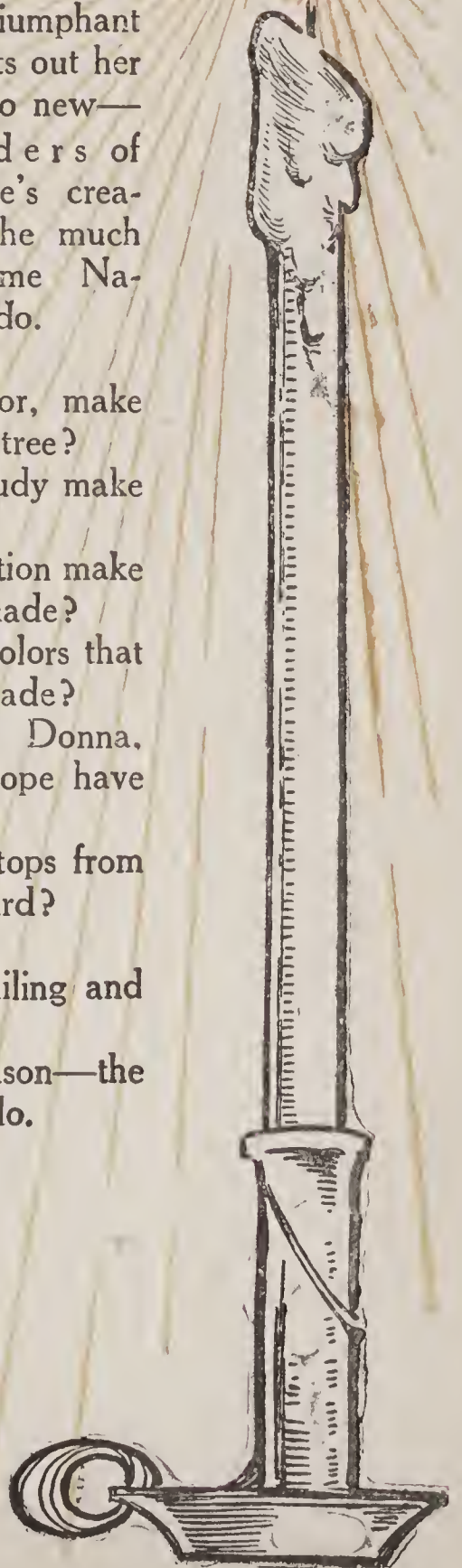
Or, Painter, could you mix the colors that
flash from the hillside or glade?

Could you, silver-voiced Prima Donna,
that crowned heads of Europe have
heard,

Make music like that in the tree-tops from
some little, flute-throated bird?

So now is old Dame Nature smiling and
calling men outside to view

The wonders she works every season—the
things that no mortal can do.



Where



ARE you, sweet old-fashioned girl, the sort we used to know, Who had clean thoughts of things worth while, not all about a beau?

We haven't seen your face for years; perhaps in gentle way

You've drawn far back on being shocked at what we see to-day.

Your soul, as pure as virgin snow that in the valley lies,

Shone on a world of folks you loved, through gentle, modest eyes,

And as you passed where evils stalked, grim evils, some unnamed,

They bowed their heads before your glance and slunk away, ashamed.

We've missed you, sweet old-fashioned girl; the girls we have today

Think less about God's holy laws than party, ball or play;

They may be honest, clean and pure, yet think it no disgrace

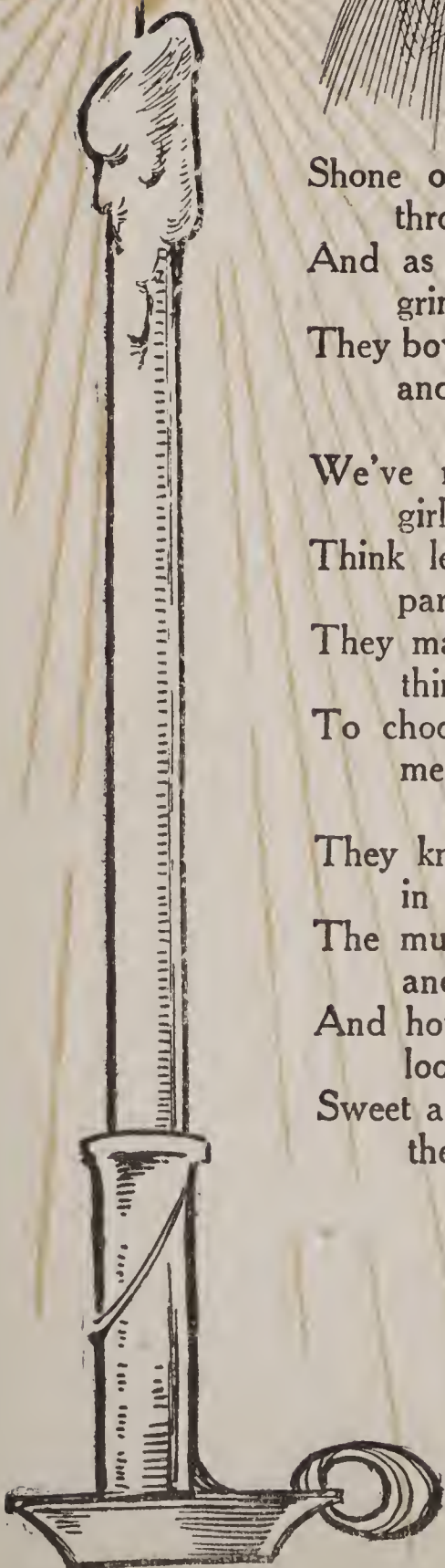
To choose a walk where evil lurks, and meet it face to face.

They know much that you never learned in all your sheltered life;

The mud of morals, ruined souls, deceit and selfish strife;

And how can we, compared with yours, look on their souls as clean,

Sweet and unsullied, when we know what they have heard and seen?





WE

CLOSE our eyes at times and see as through a mist of tears,

The old things that our people loved, now lost in modern years;

The simple, honest, homely things not merely made to sell,

But each a part of some old home its people loved so well.

There is the quaint rag carpet bright; the patchwork quilt they knew;

The solid, stolid, homely clock, the platters queer and blue;

An ugly chair that some one loved, for both its arms are worn.

Its legs are scarred by children's feet; its hickory seat is torn,

And there's a bureau—dresser, now—so fat and deep and wide;

A crooked mirror on its top, with drawers on each side;

The tester bed that weighs a ton, set high above the floor —

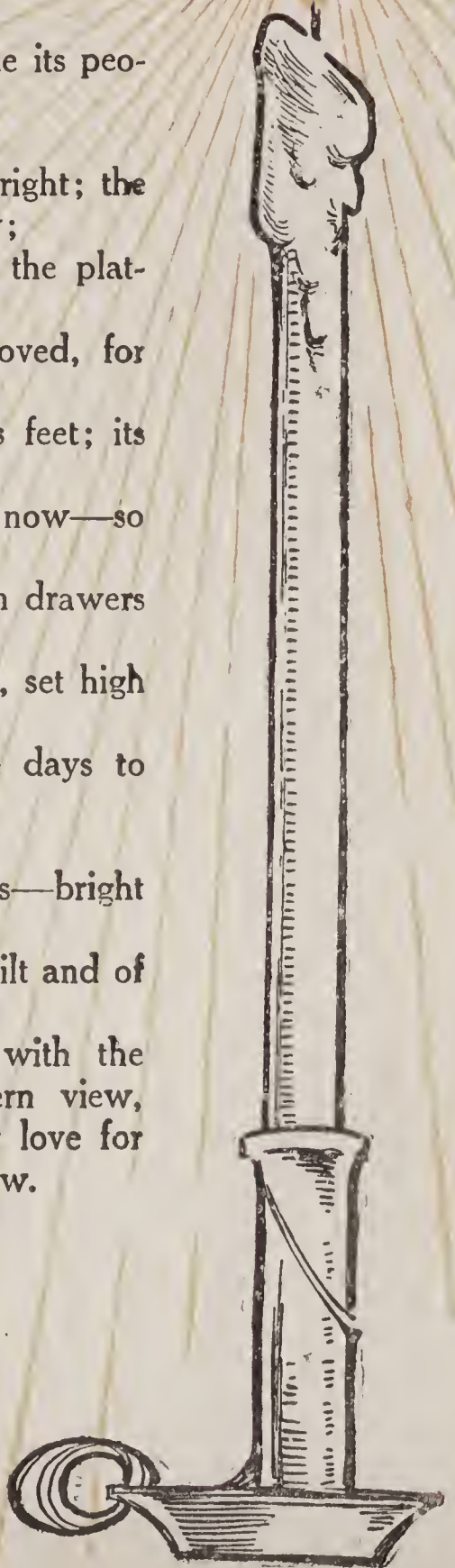
But these were treasures of the days to come to us no more.

And now we gather shiny things—bright varnish, paint and brass,

We want our mirrors framed in gilt and of imported glass,

For times have changed, and with the change has come a modern view,

But one that can't quite kill our love for some old things that we knew.



YOU USED to see her
every day when
you would go to
school;



If she were late you'd
drag your feet, re-
gardless of the
rule

That kept you in for
being late, but you
were glad to stay,

Because though pun-
ishment be hard,

you'd seen her, anyway.

And one glad day, with flaming ears,
and braving laughing looks,

You marched beside her, stern and pale,
and carrying her books,

And in that simple act of yours, to brave
the world so far

Was heroism of the sort that takes a man
to war.

She's married now, and so are you, yet
sometimes in your dreams

You see her just as in those days, so real
the vision seems,

And you can feel again the joy, the utter,
full delight

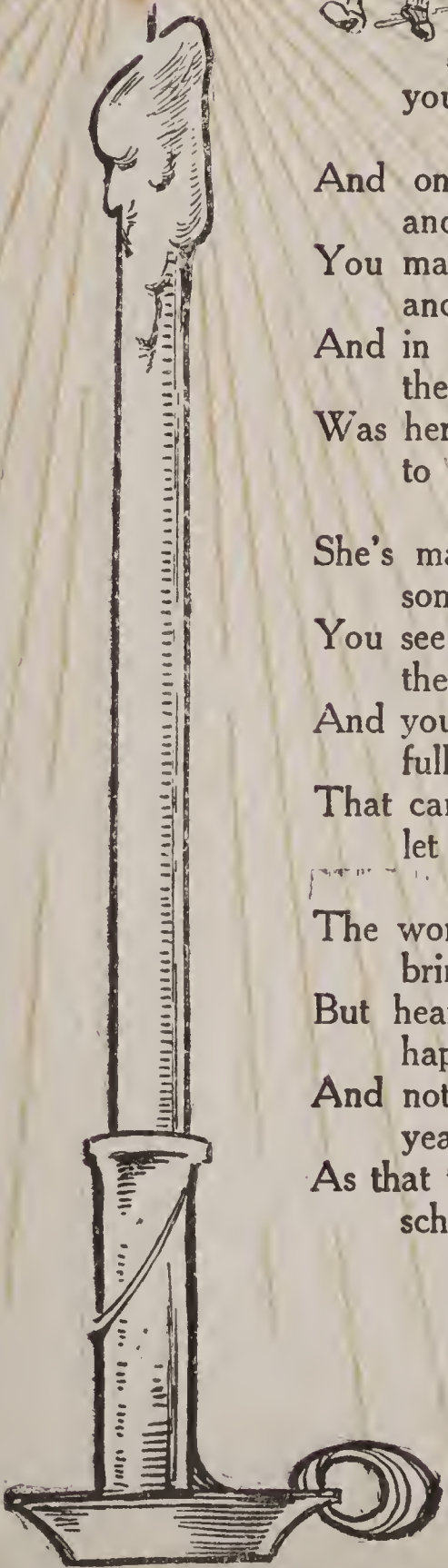
That came when from her apple core she
let you take a bite.

The world may move along its path and
bring its changing ways,

But hearts of men go back at times to
happy childhood days,

And nothing seems so dear and sweet in
years life passes through

As that time when you loved a girl in old
school days you knew.



HOW



DEAR to my heart
is the thought of
the cowlot my peo-
ple maintained in
the days of my
youth;

The cornstalks that
covered its mud,
ever present; the
stable that always
had holes in the
roof.

I see myself wading
to get at the milk-
ing; my fingers are stiff as a poker
from cold,

The calves have a strength that is weird
and deceptive, and hunger has ren-
dered them savage and bold.

The wind whistles gayly across that bleak
cowlot, and gooseflesh and shivers
hold me in their grip,

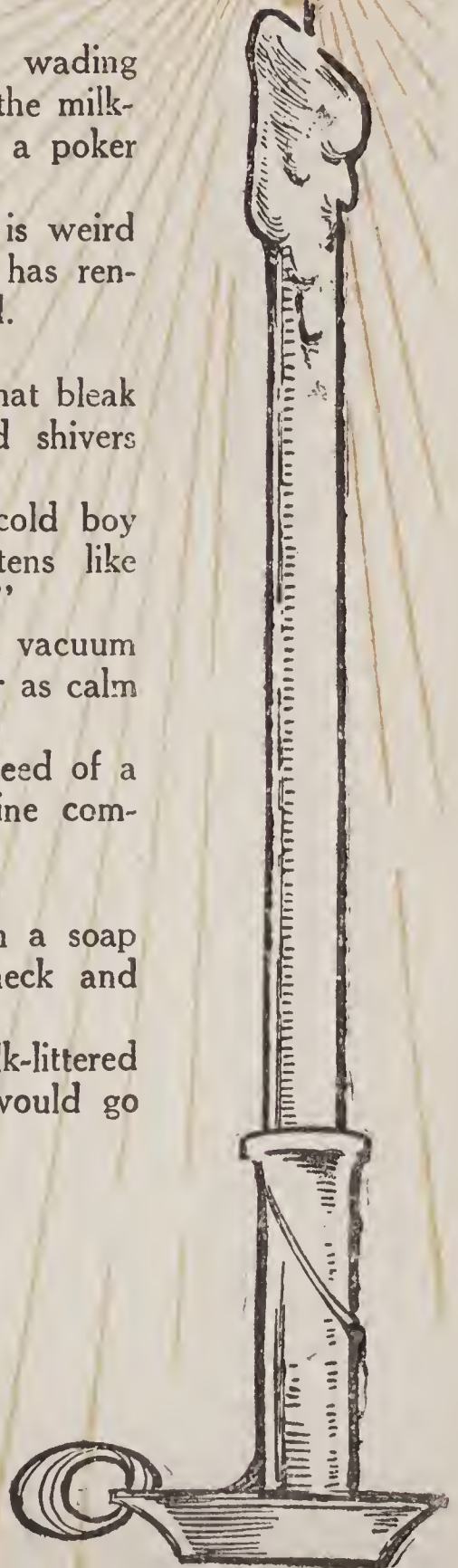
Wherefore—who can blame a cold boy
if, when milking, he hastens like
blazes, forgetting to “strip?”

They're milking cows now with a vacuum
cleaner; you sit in the parlor as calm
as you please,

With only the fear you'll have need of a
plumber if ever that milkline com-
mences to freeze.

It's better by far than a seat on a soap
box with mud on your neck and
your fingers like wood,

But somehow I miss it, that stalk-littered
cowlot; it's funny, but I would go
back if I could.



YOU



SEE her face some-
times, as you into the
firelight gaze,

The little sweetheart that
you knew in boy-
hood's callow days;

Her face was like a
sweet wild rose; her
soft hair, glossy
black,

Was like a gleaming
plaited rope, and
hanging down her
back.

And how you loved her! Sakes alive!

You couldn't sleep o' nights;

You gloried in your blackened eyes ac-
quired in bitter fights

Born of the statements other boys made
just to anger you—

That she was uglier than Grace; not
near as nice as Sue.

And when you saw her down the street
you trembled at the knees;

Your head felt like a boiling pot; your
hands and feet would freeze,

And blindly you would turn aside and
walk six blocks or so,

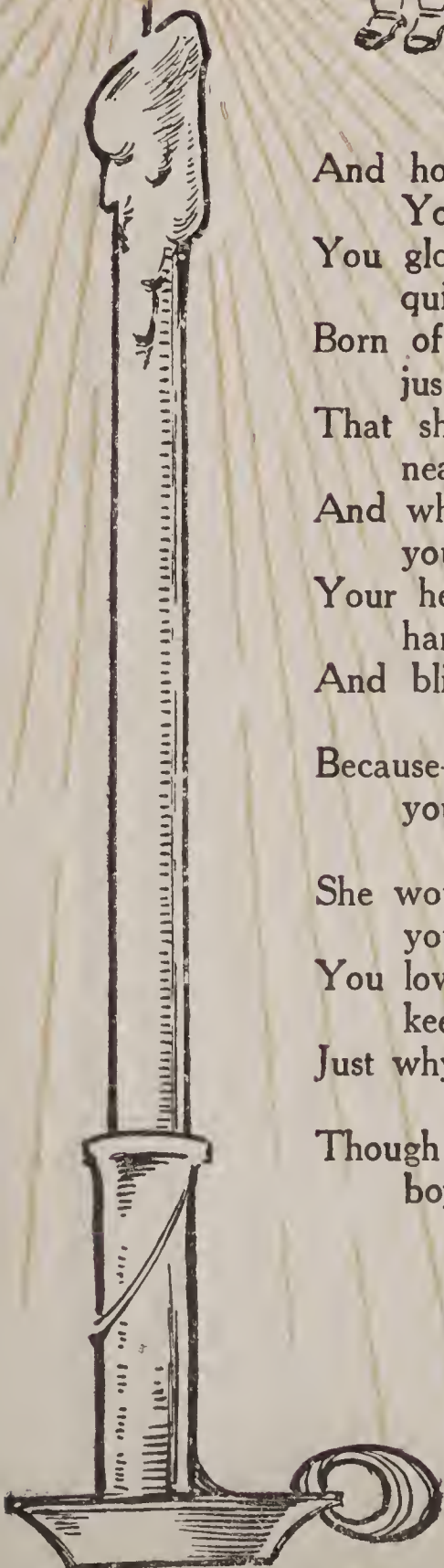
Because—well, just because you felt—
you felt—oh, well, YOU KNOW.

She wouldn't bite, of course, but still in
youthful days that were

You loved so hard you'd walk a mile to
keep from meeting her.

Just why it was you never knew, and no
doubt never will,

Though memory of that fevered love of
boyhood haunts you still.



NOW



WHAT in the world
is the matter with
Sammy? He's
gloomy and touchy;
remarkably still;

He don't care for break-
fast; he scowls at the
baby; now can it be
possible Sammy is
ill?

Think back on his age
in your life, oh, ye
father; remember your change to an
ill-tempered churl,

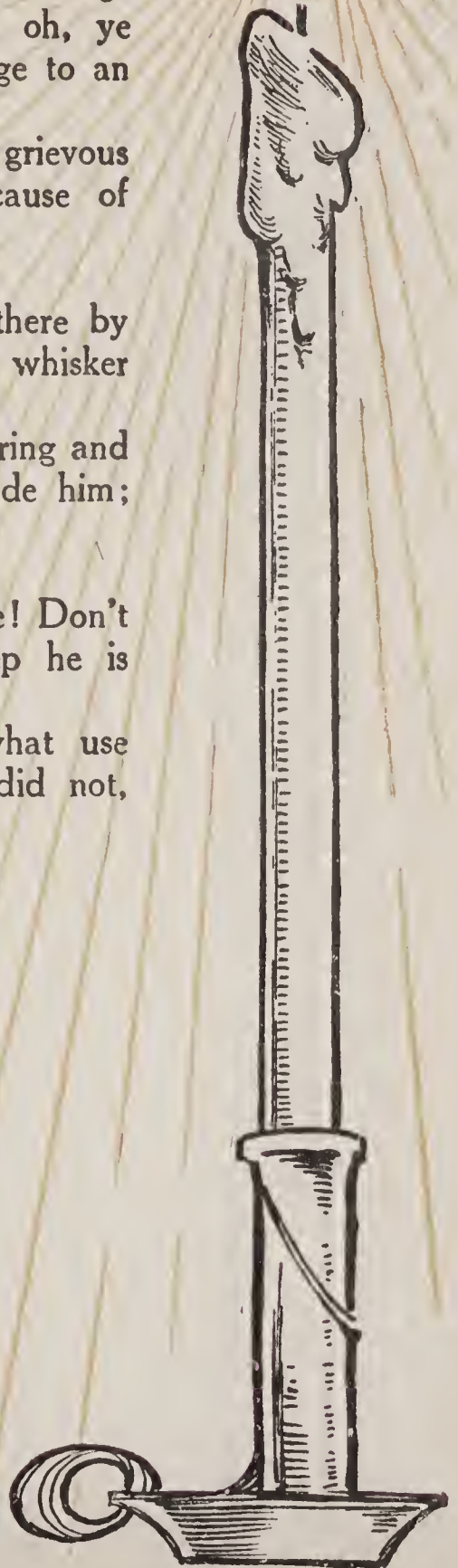
Not that you had suffered some grievous
misfortune, but merely because of
your love for some girl.

Observe him. He's sitting out there by
the stable; a fuzz of white whisker
adorning his chin;

His eyes, fixed and glassy, are staring and
vacant; his hands hang beside him;
his toes are turned in.

He's thinking. Ah, let him alone! Don't
disturb him; in misery deep he is
drinking sweet joy;

And you did just like him—what use
to deny it? For if you did not,
you were never a boy.



OLD

THOMPSON'S
Store! It used to be
a landmark every-
body knew.



It stood right on the
public square, a
queer old place and
dirty, too;

But, somehow, every-
body passed the nice clean stores on
that same street,

For Thompson's boxes were the ones to
hold their elevated feet.

He kept the apples under wire; you
couldn't blame the man for that;

He moved the crackers and the cheese
away from where the loafers sat,

And every now and then he'd sigh and
take to some location far

The apricots, like leather tabs, and move
the biggest pickle jar.

Yes, Thompson's store was just the place
a man could use to kill an hour;

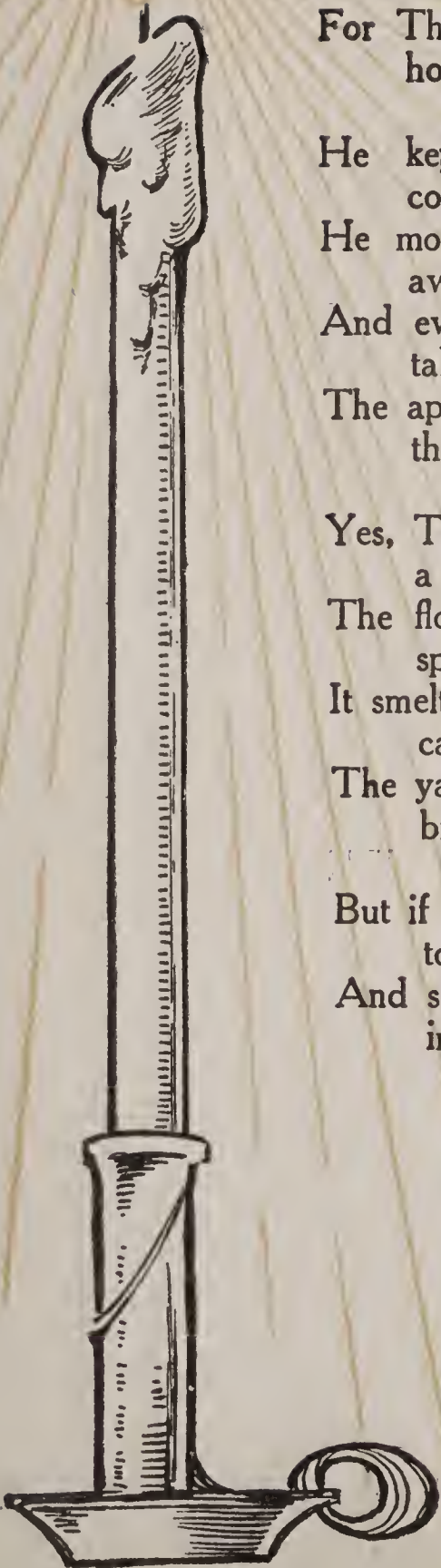
The floor was full of kerosene, molasses
spots and dabs of flour;

It smelt like ham and tea and paint, and
calico and chicken coops;

The yard was full of hogs and cans and
broken eggs and barrel hoops.

But if I could I'd run away and go back
to that place once more,

And sit on some old box and chat back
in the end of Thompson's store.



WHEN

YOU were little,
and a book was
loaned to you one
day,



Don't you recall your
feelings when they
took that book
away

And told you they
must read it first—
it might be tame
and mild

Or might be one unsuitable to be read
by a child?

And Father sat and read your book, and
chuckled as he read.

And you sat there and gnawed your nails,
not with your soul in dread

For fear you'd never read the book, but
it occurred to you

It took an awful, fearful time for Father
to get through.



THEY



MET in the woods;
he was hunting, and
she had been gather-
ing flowers;

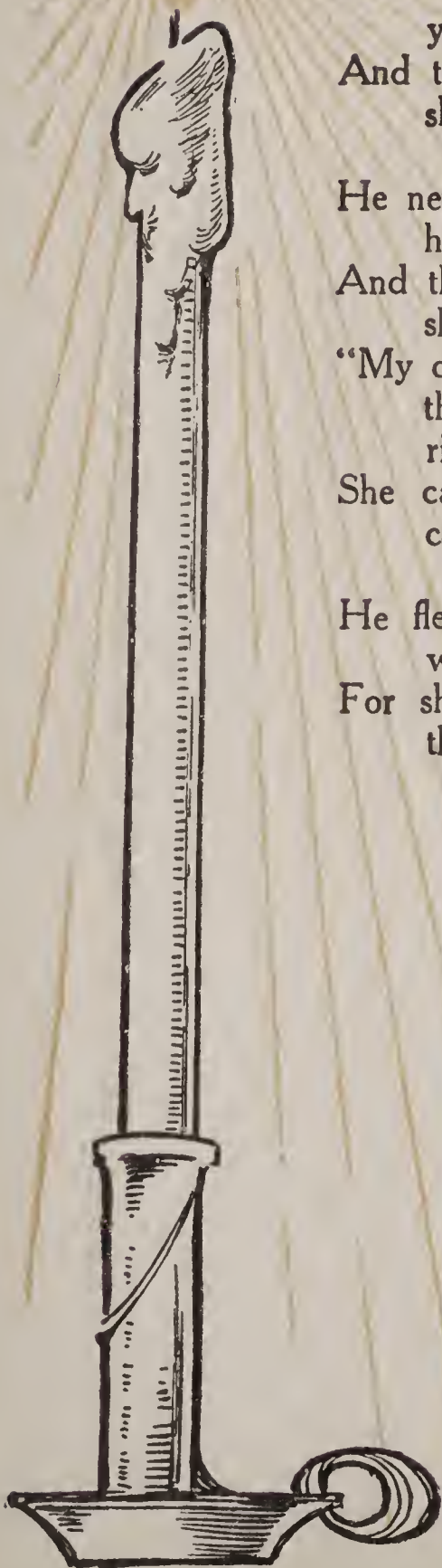
The dogwoods were
white with their blos-
soms; the thickets
seemed Fairyland
bowers;

They sat on a log and
they chatted, for
years had gone by since they met,
And talked of old times and old friend-
ships, of happiness and of regret.

He never had married, he told her—she
had; and her life was complete,
And then, at a sound from the distance,
she rose in alarm from her seat—
“My children!” she cried, “I forgot
them! I wonder if they are all
right?”

She called, and with answering chorus
came thirty-eight infants in sight.

He fled as if followed by demons; she
wondered what brought it to pass,
For she had neglected to tell him that
they were her Sunday school class.



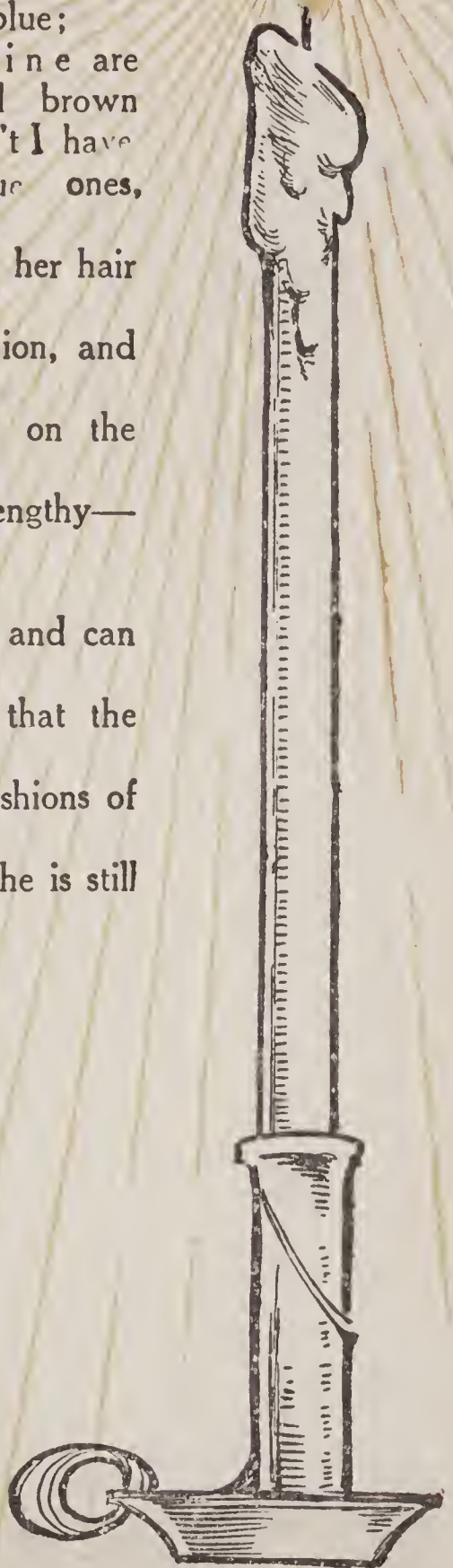
WHEN



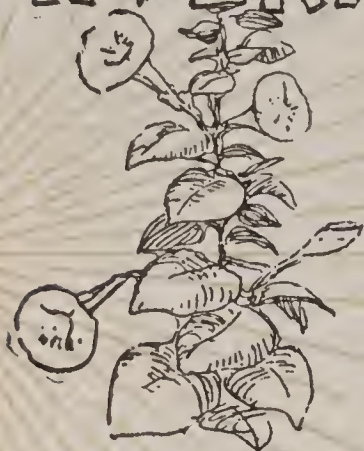
SHE was a little maiden, barely old enough to speak,
When her world was one of sunshine,
and its problems dense as Greek,
She came to her mother weeping,
saying "Katy's eyes are blue;
Mamma, mine are plain old brown ones—
can't I have some blue ones, too?"

And today she is consistent; once her hair was ruddy brown,
Then it changed to suit the fashion, and was like a golden crown;
And she changes like an artist on the scintillating stage;
Makes her waist-line short or lengthy—just whatever be the rage.

She is pale when fashion rules it, and can sunburn without sun,
And in such a skillful manner that the color will not run;
And all shapes and forms and fashions of her figure she has tried,
But as when she was an infant, she is still dissatisfied.



EVERY MORNING they



would greet us, morning glories, sweet and cool;

Fragile blue and crimson trumpets, as we started off to school; Blooming in the dewy morning, massed upon their trellised vine,

But to shrink to flower corpses when the sun began to shine.

Looking back, our lives seem like them; hopes we held, once pure and sweet, Now are shriveled, brown and lifeless, in the world's consuming heat;

Once we felt their inspiration, all that joyous hope may give,


Finding that, like morning glories, what is sweetest cannot live.

Yet today the morning glories spread and blossom as of old,

Every morning on their trellis brilliant trumpets they unfold;

But we know now—Life has taught us, through its lessons of the past—

They are like our hopes, those blossoms—far too sweet and pure to last.



SOMETIMES

WHEN autumn
rolls around, and
thrills run through
you as you see

The red and gold
leaves on the
ground; the ten-
der lace-work of
each tree;

And sniff the scents
of autumn time—
the fruits and ber-
ries touched by
frost,

The leaves beneath
the old rail fence
by sweet, crisp breezes piled and
tossed,

You think how good it is to live where
nuts are ripe and squirrels call,

And where one's heart swells with the
joys that mark the perfect days of
fall.

You think of the Creator then, whose
miracle before your eyes

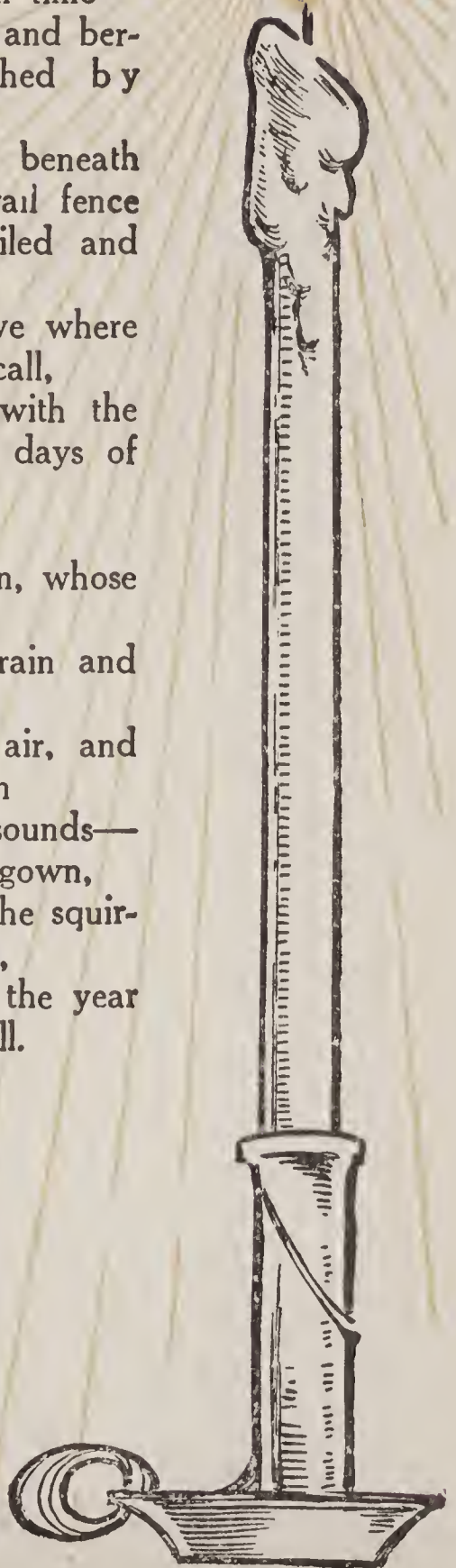
With scarlet leaf and golden grain and
mellow tints before you lies,

And breathing deep the frosty air, and
treading on the carpet brown

And drinking in the sights and sounds—
the sumac's flaring autumn gown,

The yellow beeches on the hill, the squir-
rel, like some bounding ball,

You thank the God who made the year
that ripens in the days of fall.



W

HEN the day's hard
work is ended, and
for home my steps
are turned,



And I glory in the rest-
ful hours my day of
toil has earned,

How my heart leaps
glad and merry, as
the lady I adore

Puts her hands upon my
shoulders ere my foot
can touch the floor.

"You had better keep your coat on" is
her opening remark;

"You must bring me in some kindling—
do it now before it's dark,

And you'd better shut the water off at
once while there is light,

For it's getting so much colder it is sure
to freeze tonight.

"Something's broken in the furnace, and I
can't tell what is wrong,

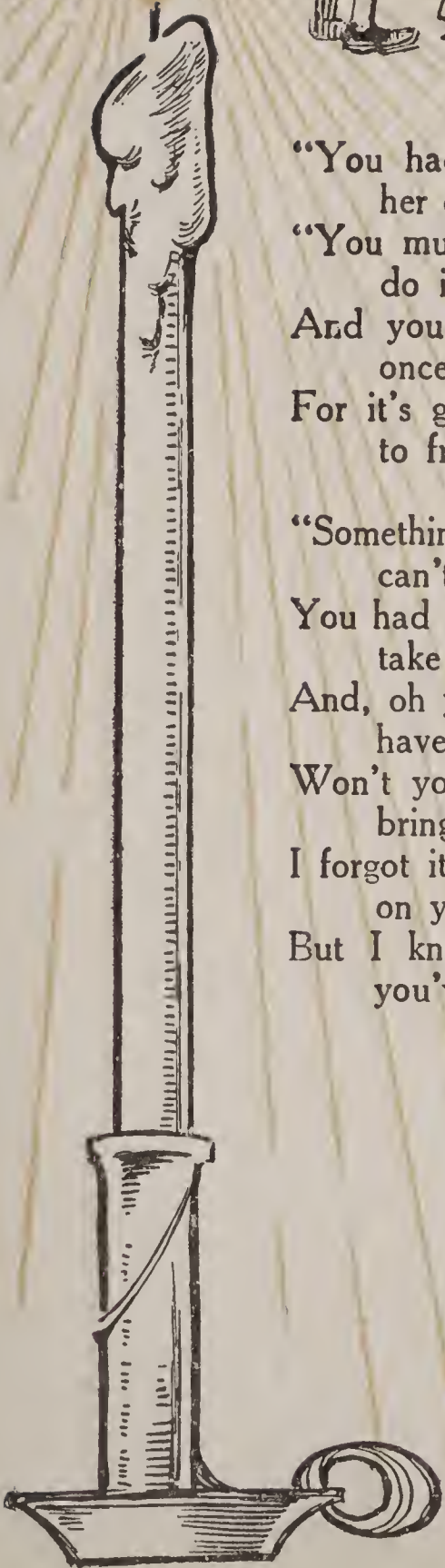
You had better fix it now, dear—it won't
take you very long,

And, oh yes! I near forgot it—while you
have your things on, please,

Won't you go down to the grocery and
bring me back some cheese?

I forgot it in the order or I wouldn't call
on you;

But I knew you wouldn't mind it, for
you've nothing else to do."





MEMORIES it brings to me, that old clothes line of ours; Between the shed roof and a tree it wielded magic powers.

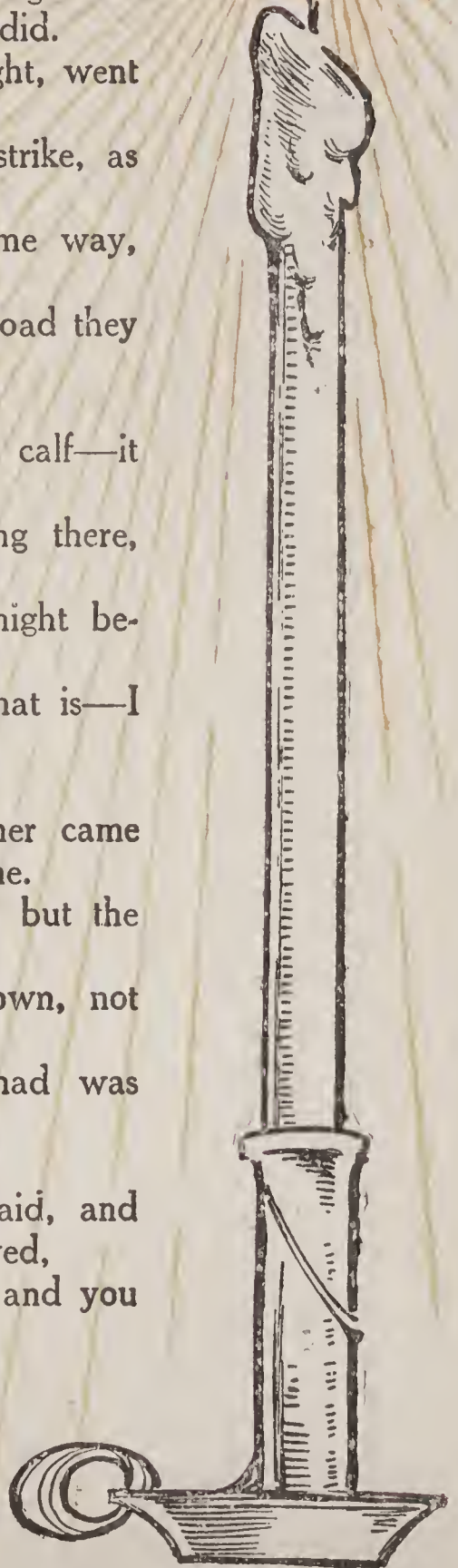
A plain old line of cotton rope, but night's dark shadows hid In charity and kindness the things that clothes line did.

When Uncle Abner, late one night, went out to split some wood, And raised the ax on high to strike, as any woodman should, We knew he'd hurt himself some way, because the air was blue And people five miles down the road they heard and knew it, too.

Then father tried to catch the calf—it almost was a sin To laugh when he was swinging there, and hanging by his chin. He didn't catch the calf that night because we had to laugh; And we caught it instead—that is—I didn't mean the calf.

And one dark night the preacher came and walked beneath that line. Next day we found his silk hat, but the cows had spoiled its shine; But that line wasn't taken down, not much, I tell you that— The washerwoman that we had was mighty strong and fat.

She'd put it up to stay, she said, and though these pranks it played, She didn't want it taken down, and you can bet it stayed.





TIMES we look back
on the days when we
would kneel beside
the bed.

And memory goes
sweeping back to
those sweet, childish
prayers we said—

“If I should die before
I wake,

I pray the Lord my soul
to take—” * * *

Perhaps our thoughts
would go astray to childhood’s flow-
er-fields, and then

We’d earnestly try to forget, and say
the little prayer again—

“Now I lay me down to sleep

I pray the Lord my soul to keep—” * * *

What would you give today, oh, man, to
feel, when on your bended knees
The knowledge of a prayer God hears—
the cooling sense of utter peace

That came to you when, as a child, be-
side the old wood bed you knelt;

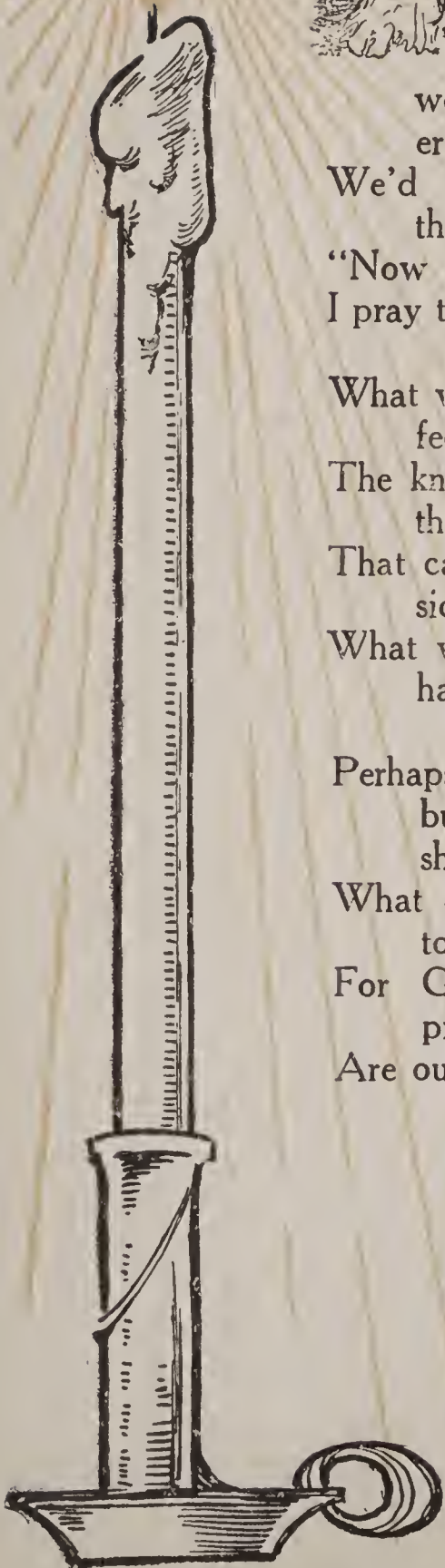
What would you give, uncertain man, to
have the confidence you felt?

Perhaps God hears our prayers as then,
but we who know what life has
shown—

What evil since those childhood days, in
torment of the spirit moan,

For God, we know, heeds children’s
prayers;

Are ours as sweet and pure as theirs?



I WONDER, Dear,
if you recall that
happy night in
June



When we rode out,
a jolly crowd,
where with its
light the moon

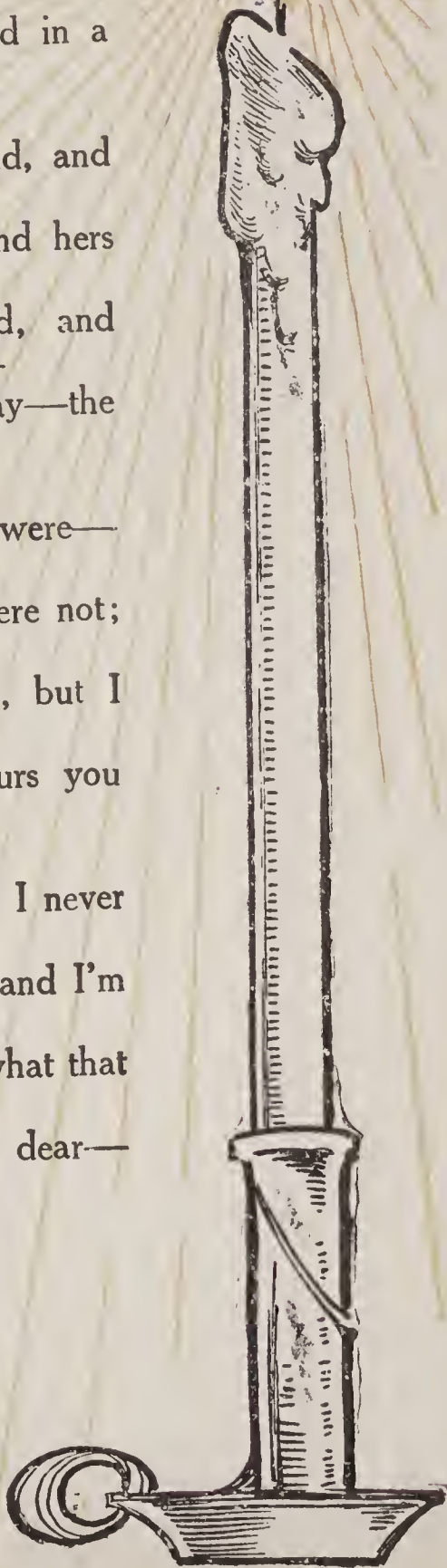
Made all the turn-
pike silver - white

—as clear and bright as day
As we, with merry song, crouched in a
wagon load of hay?

I held your hand, or thought I did, and
some one near you yelled;
It was the chaperon, my dear, and hers
the hand I held.
And she arose quite scandalized, and
slapped with all her might—
Not me—by night all cats are gray—the
fellow on her right.

I wondered whose on earth they were—
those feet on which I sat;
They seemed like mine and yet were not;
they felt too thick and fat.
I wondered if you claimed them, but I
was afraid to touch,
For if they happened to be yours you
wouldn't like it much.

That moonlight ride upon the hay I never
shall forget;
I crouched for hours like a Turk, and I'm
bowlegged yet;
I've been afraid to ask you since what that
ride did to you,
But I'm a Sherlock Holmes, my dear—
you sat that same way, too.



YOUR TOE was tied up in a rag,
but such a trifle didn't
hurt;



You stood a-straddle at the
plate, and with your bat
you thumped the dirt;
Two men were out, and on
each base a barefoot
player loud and tense

Requested you to hit the
ball and send it clean across the
fence.

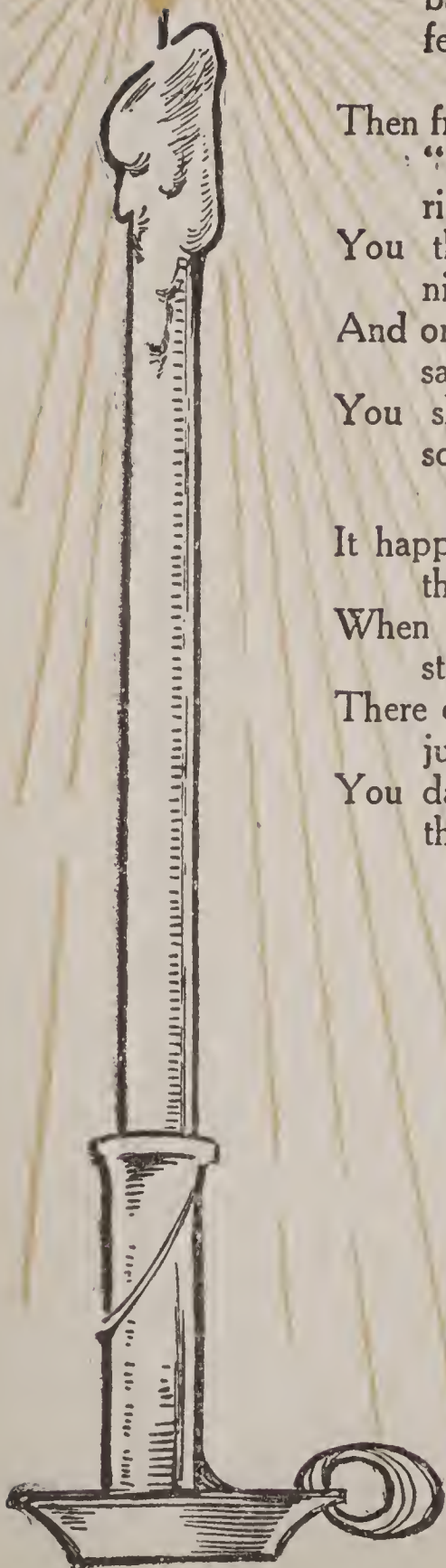
Then from your home there came a call—
“You Jim-e-e-e-e! Come home
right away.”

You thought of what you caught last
night when you'd forgotten to obey.
And on the ground your bat you cast, and
sadly through the yellow dust

You shuffled toward your home, your
soul steeped in a madness of disgust.

It happens, too, to older folks, that when
there comes a lifetime's chance,
When but a moment is required to either
stagnate or advance;

There comes a call; the chance is lost, and
just as in your barefoot play,
You dare not hesitate; instead you throw
that glowing chance away.



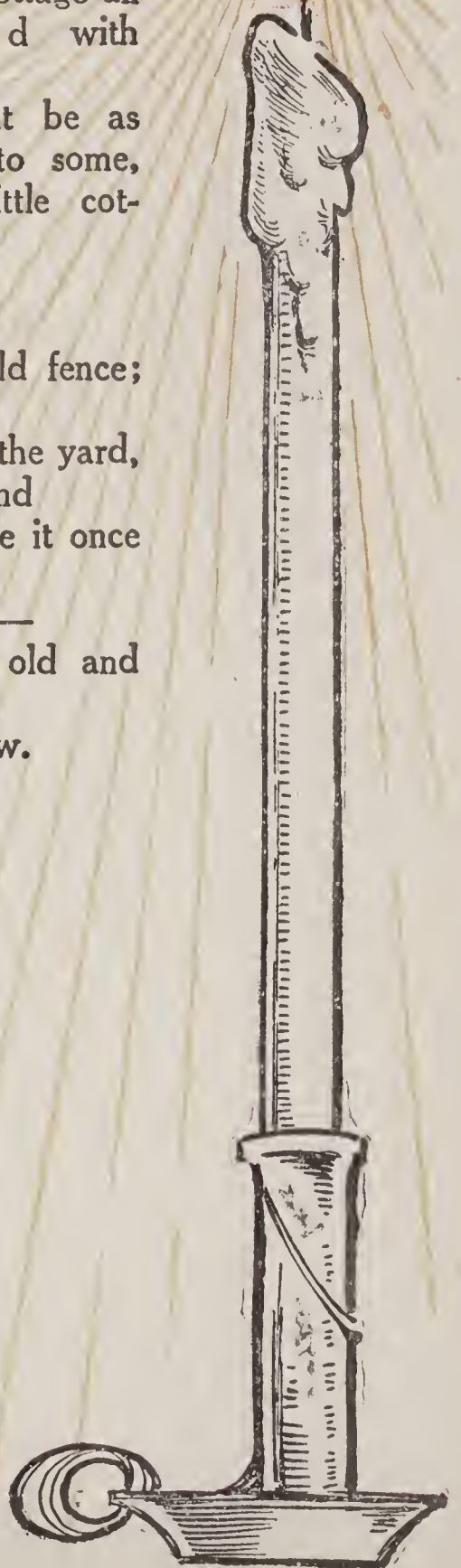
There's



A LITTLE old
house in town that
I know,
And if I am wealthy
some day,
I'll buy it no matter
how hard I must
work,
Or how much they
ask me to pay.
It's only a cottage all
covered with
vines,
And might be as
nothing to some,
But that little cot-

tage is all that I want,
Because once I knew it as home.

I know every picket upon the old fence;
Each tree I regard as a friend;
I love all the bushes that grow in the yard,
And gladly, how gladly, I'd spend
The whole of my fortune to have it once
more,
And hold it and treasure it, too—
That cheap little cottage, now old and
decayed—
The happy old home that I knew.



“PAPA



CAN we have a nickel?" How it takes one back to hear

That so oft-repeated question, while the children wait in fear

Lest no nickel be forthcoming, and because of it, alas,

They must let some little pleasure greatly wanted by them pass.

How it takes us back, oh, fathers, back a hundred years or so,

To a time when nickels counted, as all children used to know.

Now they hit us for a dollar as a moderate request.

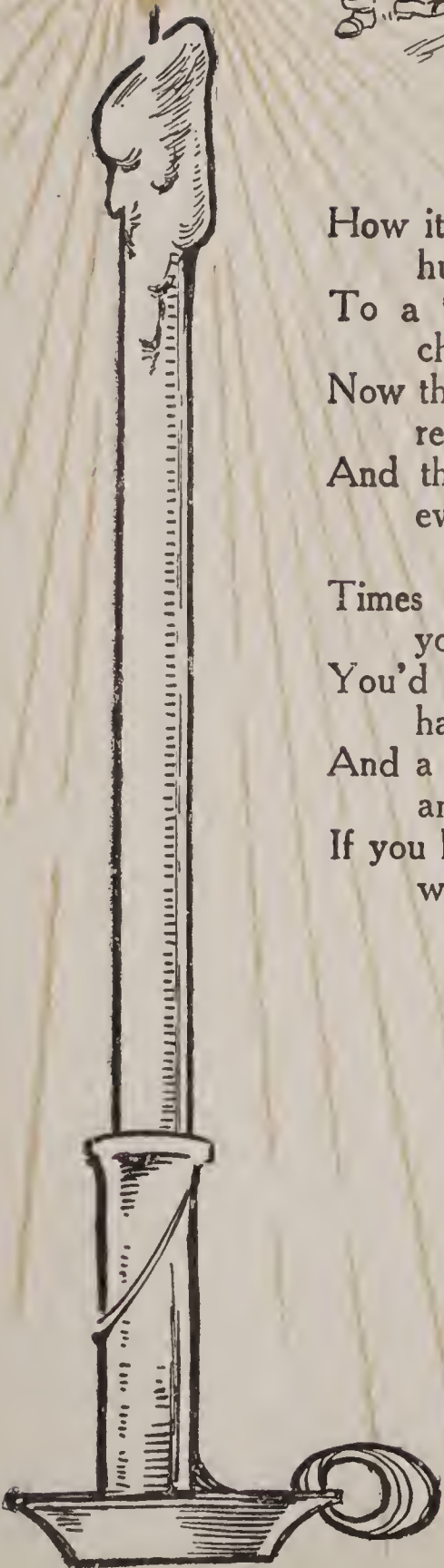
And the answer to the question is what every child has guessed.

Times have changed a little, father; in your happy childhood day

You'd have felt like Rockefeller if a dime had come your way;

And a quarter! You'd have fainted from an overdose of joy

If you had so much real money when you were a little boy.



IF

YOUR memory's a good one, in a sort of hazy dream

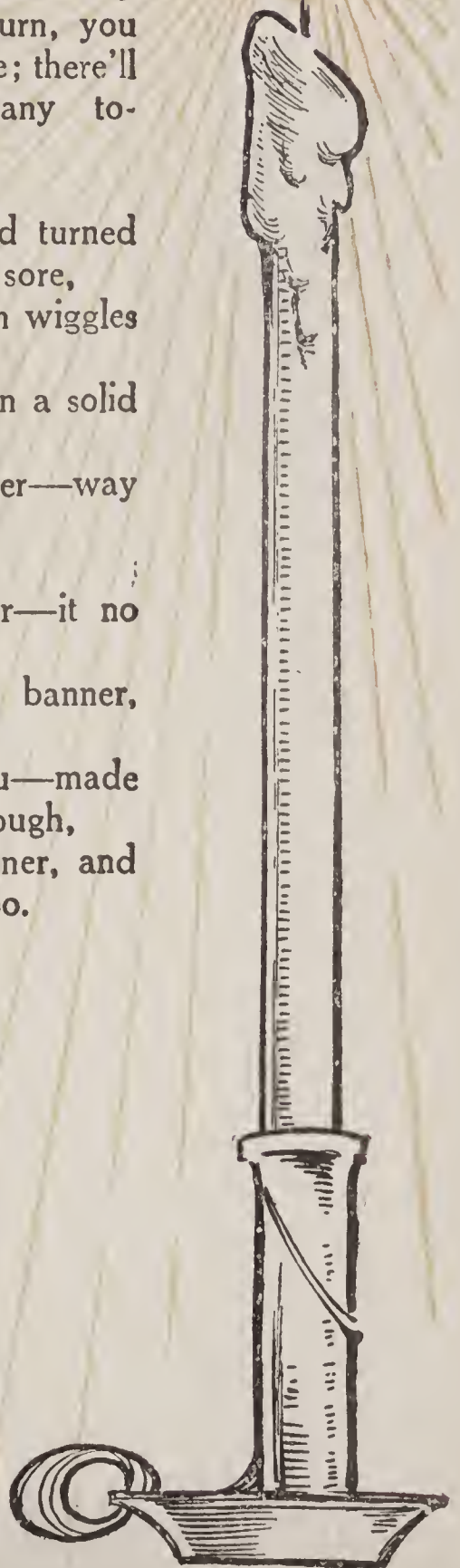
You can look back in the distance to the time you froze the cream;

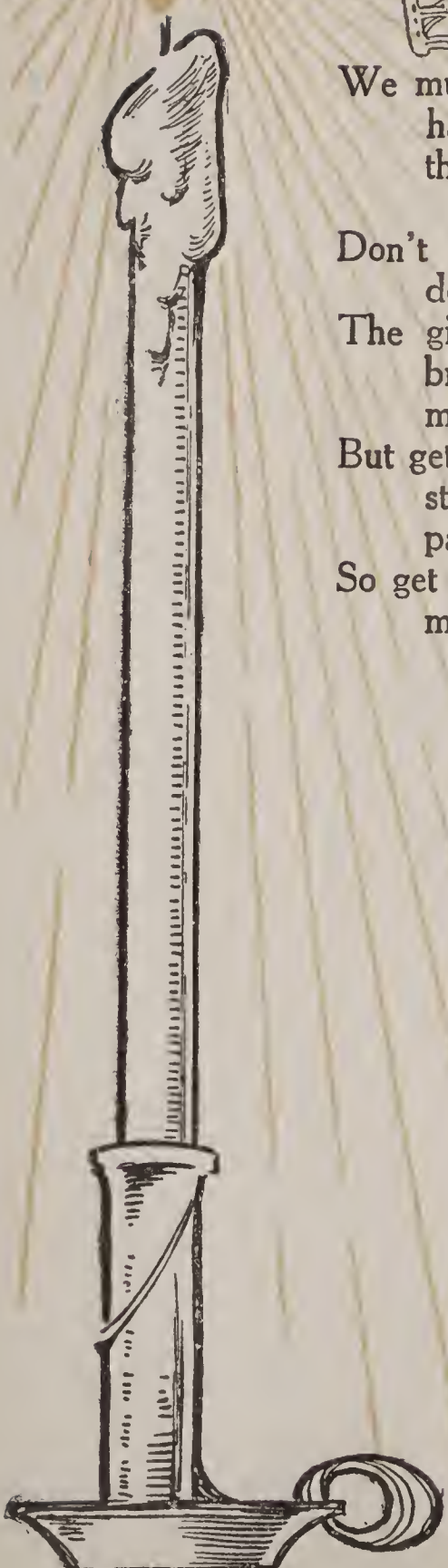
When they packed the fat, green freezer in the good old-fashioned way
Saying, "Turn, you little divvle; there'll be company to-day."



Then you turned and turned and turned it, 'til your little arms were sore,
And a stream of salty water ran in wiggles on the floor,
And the ice and salt got melted in a solid Arctic pinch,
And they sank down in the freezer—way below it by an inch.

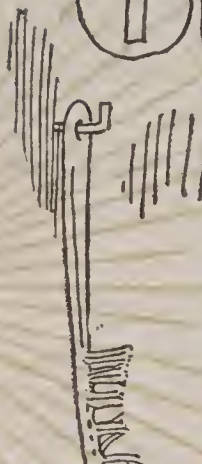
Then the awful strain and labor—it no longer classed as fun;
And your tongue waved like a banner, but it wasn't nearly done,
And the only thing that held you—made the grit that pulled you through,
Was the fact that there'd be dinner, and you longed for ice cream, too.





OH

FATHER, dear father, in going to town, please bring it, whatever you do;



We need it so badly; remember it, sure; for for we are all counting on you.

We can't do without it, as all of us know; it's almost a shame and disgrace;

We must have a new one; for weeks we have shared the only toothbrush on the place.

Don't pay half a dollar—a quarter will do; they rob you whenever they can; The girls at the counter will sell you a brush for double because you're a man;

But get a big strong one, with bristles that stick; remember the others don't pay;

So get one to last, for the eight of us here must use it at least twice a day.



OF COURSE they mean nothing to others, those poor little toys stored away;

Just toys old and battered a baby has used in the past in its play;

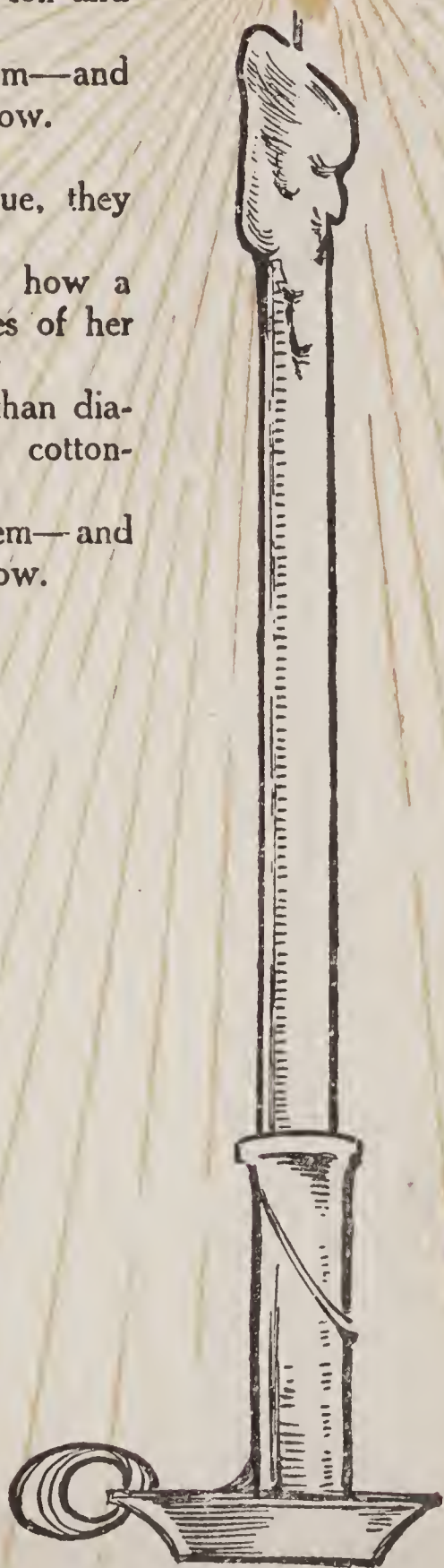
But oh, how a mother regards them! That doll and the cotton-wool cow,
For one time a little one loved them—and no baby plays with them now.

Wrapped safe in a cover of tissue, they rest in a drawer apart;

Why save them? Who knows how a mother finds solace for aches of her heart?

They're precious; more precious than diamonds, that doll and the cotton-wool cow,

For one time a little one loved them—and no baby plays with them now.





LADY, in thy dainty
home, established;
whose soul revolteth
at its many cares,

Who griev'st at the way
the ice box leaketh,
the dust accumulated
on the stairs,

Think back upon house-
keepers gone before
thee; contrast in all
its horrors with thine
own

The life led by the lady
in the kitchen back in
the grim, untutored
Age of Stone.

She had no mice supported by her pantry,
but still the pterodactyl flew about,
And kept her busy with a handy sapling
to shoe the oak-tanned leather crit-
ter out,

The mastodon would trample down the
garden, and creatures of the sort thou
dream'st upon,

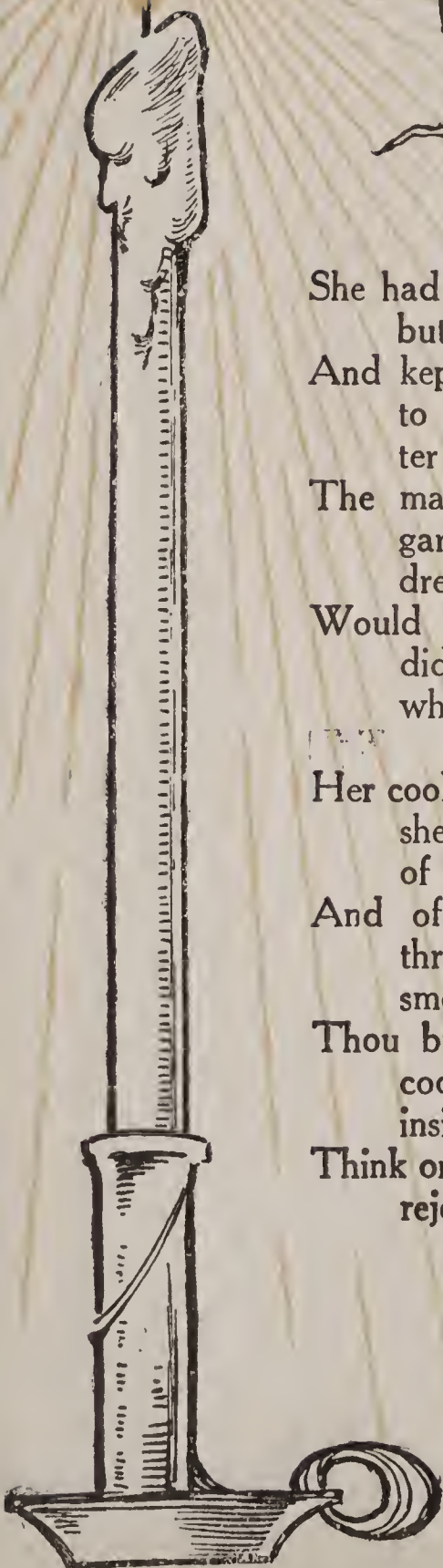
Would peer through windows while she
did her sweeping, and smile at her
while they were looking on.

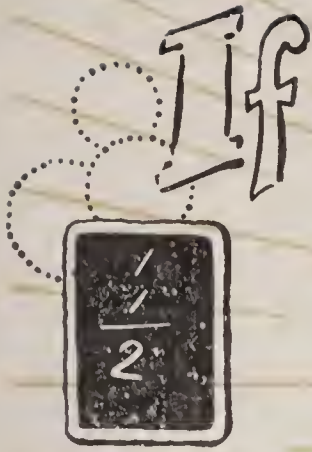
Her cook book was a solid slab of granite;
she scrubbed the table with a piece
of brick,

And often had to stick her head out
through the chimney, because the
smoke inside her cave was thick.

Thou burn'st gas now in thy scheme of
cooking, when quarters do not stick
inside the slot;

Think on thy comforts, lady of the kitchen,
rejoicing in the troubles thou hast not.





ON this earth there
lived but two — my-
self, the lesser one,
and you,

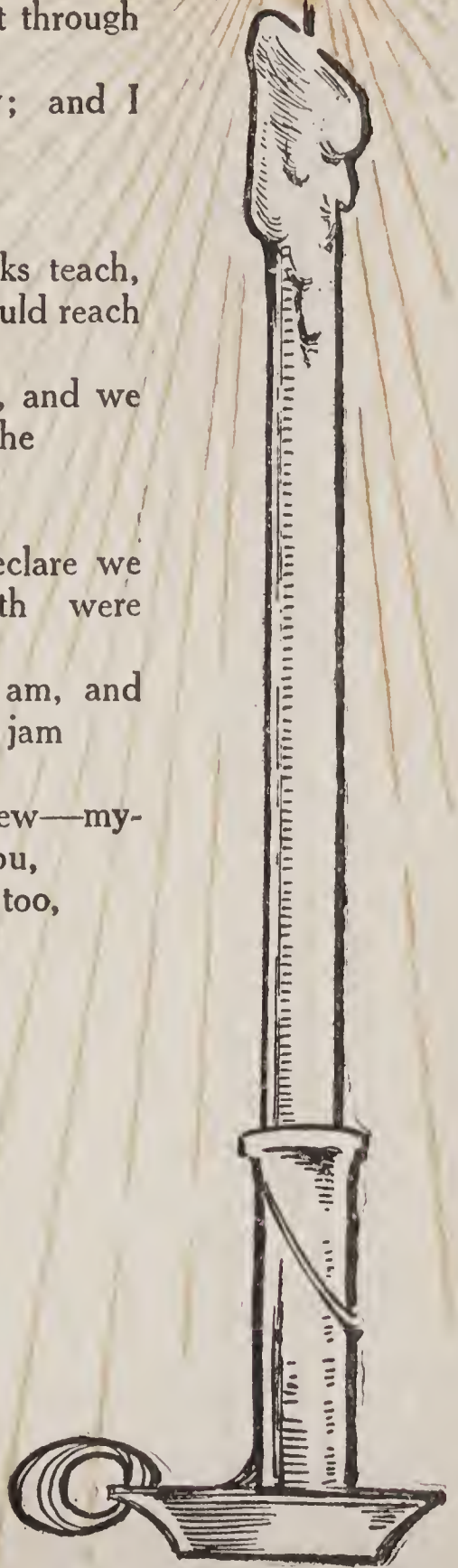
And there was sun-
shine every hour, our
home a v e r i t a b l e
bower,

Just two of us;

And you were by my
side always; not once apart through
nights or days,
Just as you are, my love, today; and I
was just about that way—
How we would fuss!

But for the facts our school books teach,
you'd move as far as you could reach
At times like these,
While I would also turn and flee, and we
would once more meet at the
Antipodes.

So we could scrap, and both declare we
wished this globe-like earth were
square,
For I would seem just what I am, and
you would be like too much jam
I'm very sure;
And if this old world held so few—my-
self, just what I am, and you,
We'd want to have some others, too,
Or be still fewer.



BACK



IN the yard the children
formed a man of yellow
clay,

And left him on a bit of
plank when they were
through their play;

And on that clay-man
beamed the sun, and to
a cloud said he:

"I'll pulverize that clay-
man sure, Miss Cloud;

just look at me."

He beamed and glowed on that mud man
and frowned with fiery will.

But the result was but to make that clay
man harder still.

The little cloud she laughed aloud; then
to the sun she said:

"Turn off your heat, old Mr. Sun, and
look at this instead."

She covered up her face and wept; the
drops of rain fell fast,

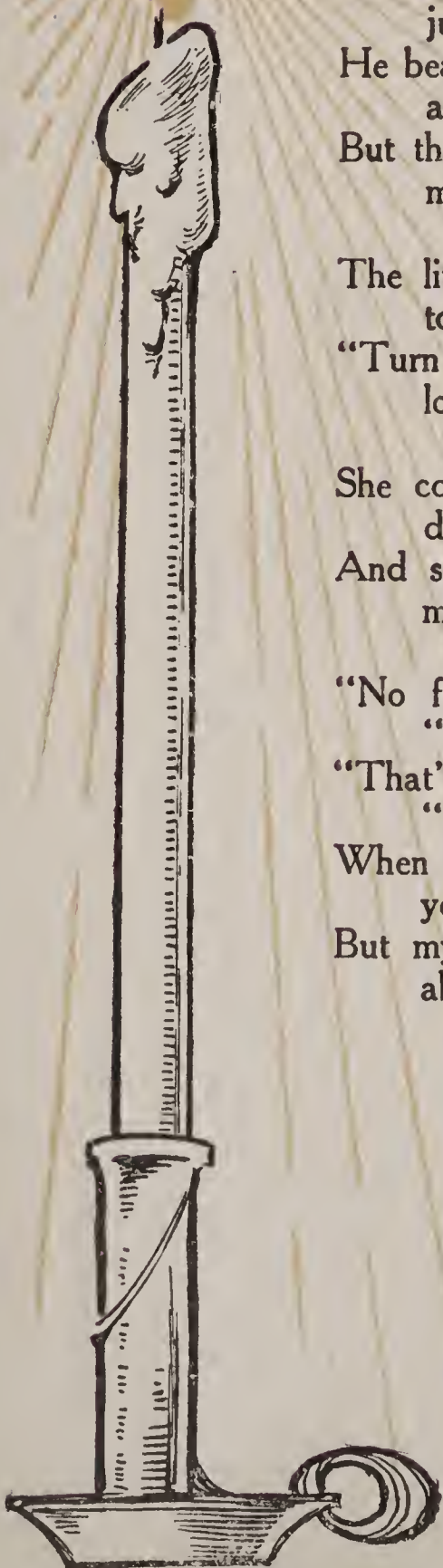
And soon that clay man came to be a
muddy spot at last.

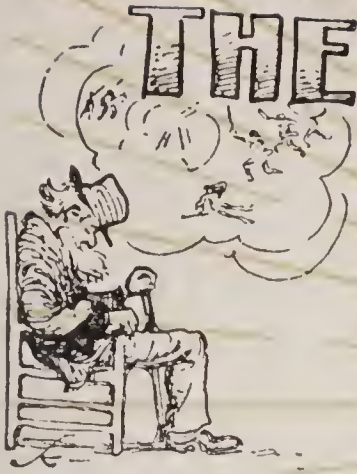
"No fair; no fair!" the sun cried out;
"your tears were fakes and lies;"

"That's how to win," the cloud rejoined,
"No woman ever cries

When she would melt a man's hard heart;
you've lived for many years,

But my! How much you have to learn
about a woman's tears!"





THE OLD man dozed in
the grocer's chair;
the stove was
warm, and the
snow outside
Whirred in the grasp
of the biting wind
that, screaming,
rose and with
moaning died.
His eyes were closed
and his gnarled
old hands gripped at the arms of the
chair he held,

But filled with the scenes of the years long
past, the heart in his shrunken bosom
swelled.

* * * * *

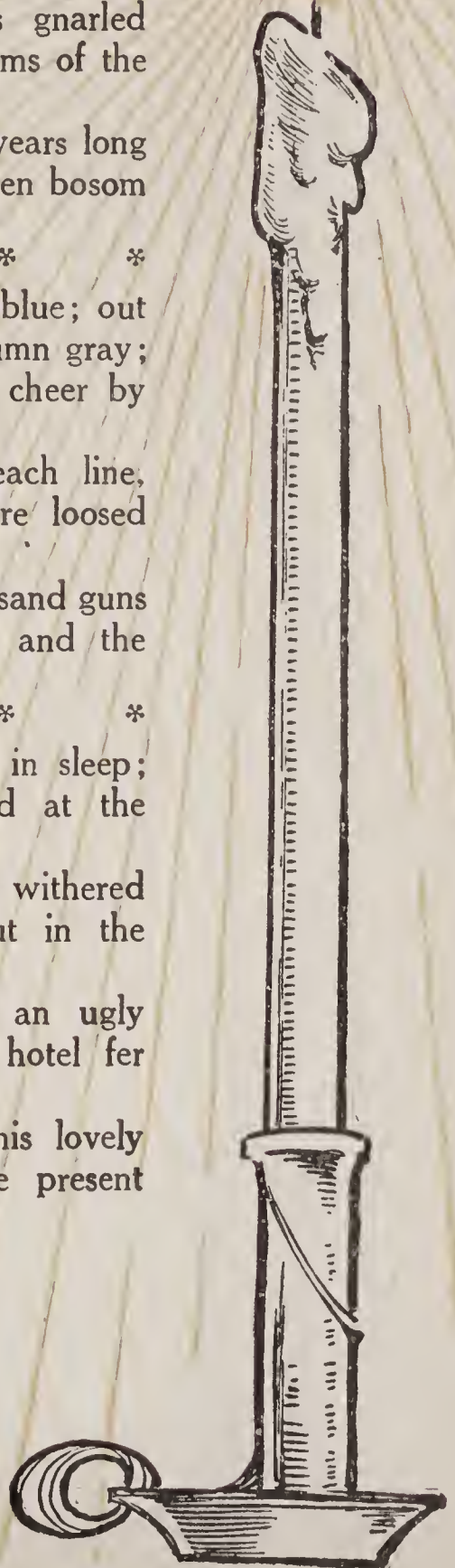
Over the fields swings a line of blue; out
from the hills streams a column gray;
Silvery sweet is a bugle call; a cheer by
the wind is snatched away,
When suddenly ripping along each line,
billows of smoke clouds are loosed
in birth,
And a shattering roar of ten thousand guns
shakes skies and the trees and the
sun and earth—

* * * * *

The old man's face was aglow in sleep;
his gnarled hands clutched at the
battered chair,
When a younger hand seized his withered
arm and dragged him out in the
bitter air.

"Get out, ye bum!" growled an ugly
voice: "we don't keep a hotel fer
bums in here."

And the old man sighed, for his lovely
dream had gone, and the present
was cold and drear.



YOU



BORE them and
cared for them,
Mother; you plan-
ned out a future
for each;

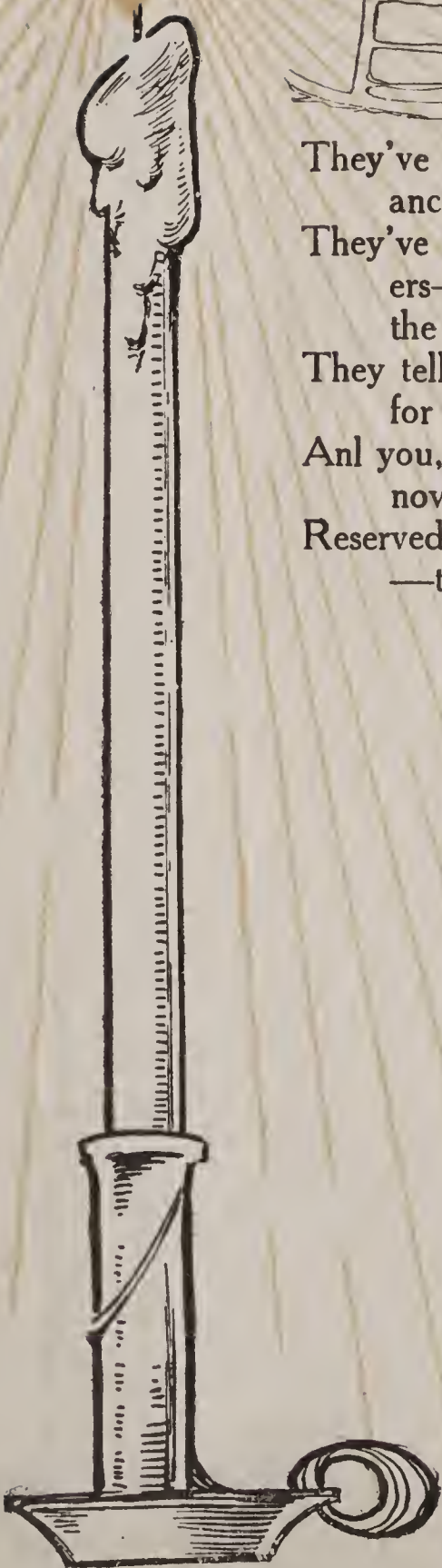
No title too great for
your babies; no
honors too high for
their reach;

And now that they've
homes and are
married—your ba-
bies once cunning
and small—

They've room for their guests in abund-
ance, but no room for Mother at all.
They've left you as birds leave their moth-
ers—perhaps with less thought than
the birds;

They tell you their love, and that ends it;
for actions speak plainer than words,
And you, from afar, see their firesides, and
nowhere a place great or small

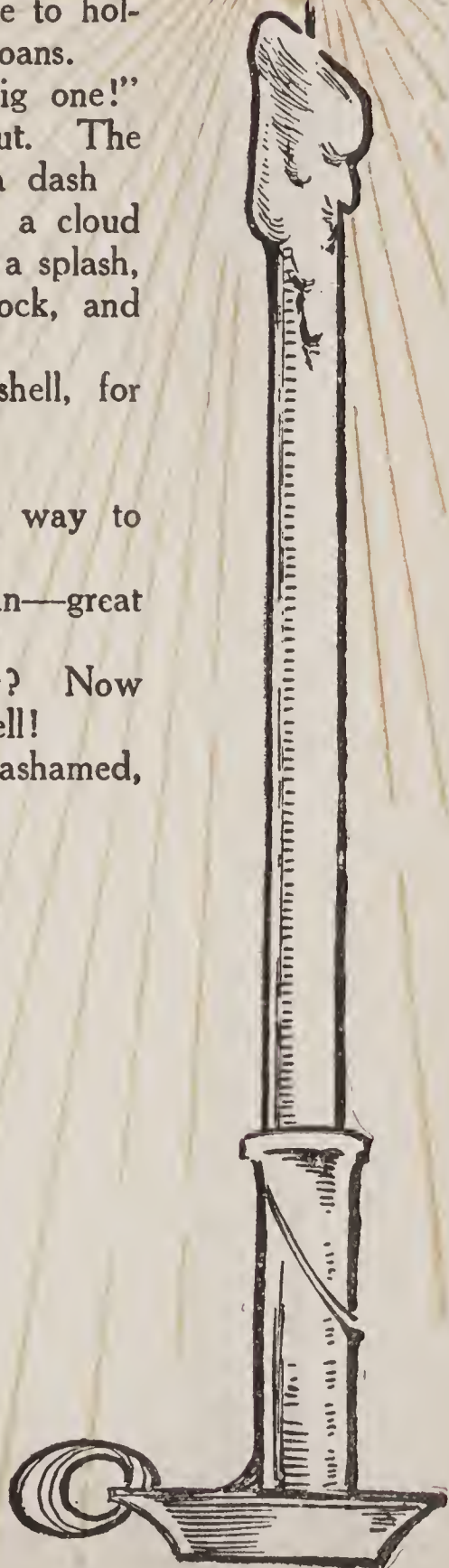
Reserved for the Mother who bore them
—there's no place for Mother at all.





lets GO back, all ye gray old
men, some getting stiff
and weak,
To when, as bare-legged
little boys, we waded in
the creek
And captured crawfish
underneath the wet and
slimy stones,
While down the creek the
loons gave voice to hol-
low, rasping moans.
"There goes a big one!"
you would shout. The
crawfish with a dash
Shot backward in a cloud
of mud; you followed with a splash,
And cornered him beneath a rock, and
pried it up an inch
To grip him by his armored shell, for
such old sinners pinch.

And when the sun was giving way to
shadows gray and wide,
You had your crawfish in a can—great
big ones, goggle-eyed;
And took them home—what for? Now
say; you know it just as well!
If you asked any boy, he'd grin, ashamed,
but couldn't tell.



OUT



ON the porch beneath
the vines the water-
bucket stands

Of cedar, polished
smooth by time and
bound by metal
bands;

And in it, as with wa-
ter cool it stands
upon its board,

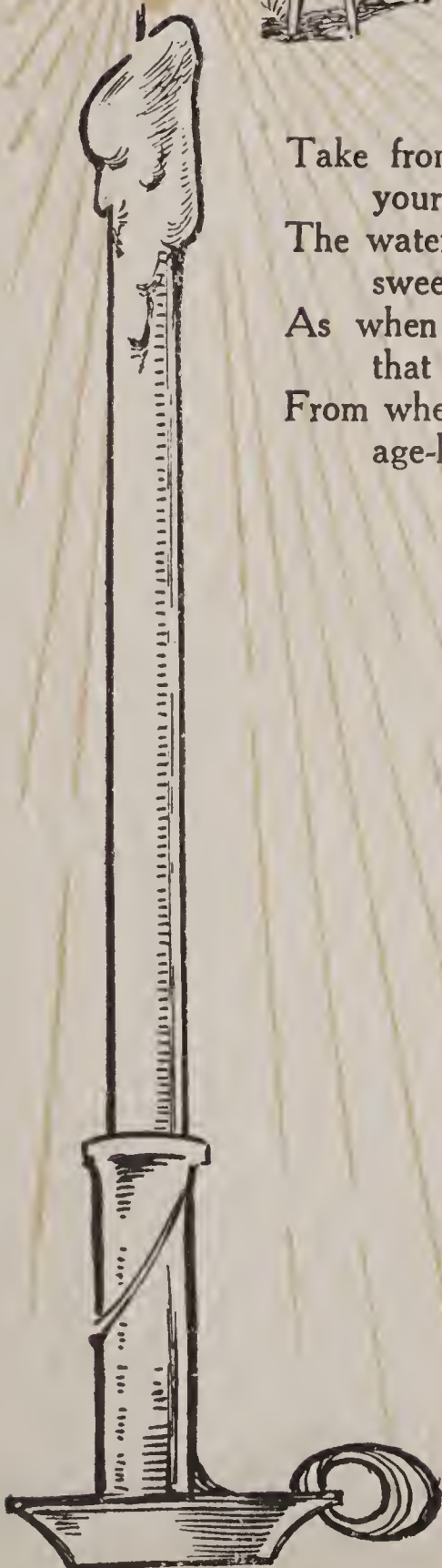
There floats—oh, days
of olden time! a great,
long-handled gourd.

Take from me all your cut-glass things;
your silver cups and gold;

The water from their modern lips is never
sweet and cold

As when it drips with silver notes into
that bucket's hoard,

From where you lift it brimming in an old
age-hardened gourd.





THE FAIRIES grow
weary of labor
when children
their magic has
taught

Grow large—into
men and to women
—and pass by
their works with-
out thought.

They care not for
delicate cobwebs
spun bright with a
shimmer of frost;

The hues of the won-
derful flowers, un-
noticed, are wast-
ed and lost;

The perfume of
honey-sweet clover the fairies by
magic have sown

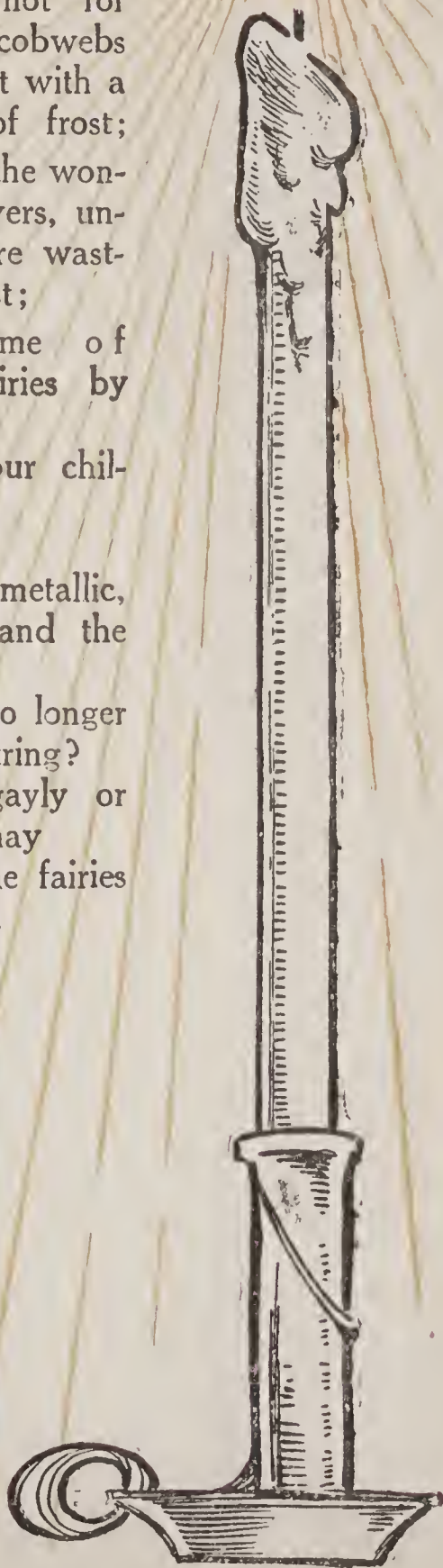
Is wasted—alas, little fairies, your chil-
dren are hopelessly grown.

What use to make Junebugs metallic,
bronze-green on the back and the
wing,

When children have grown and no longer
take joy flying them on a string?

What use to paint butterflies' gayly or
perfume the woods or the hay

For they have grown far from the fairies
and live in the sordid today.



A

NOTHER racing day has gone; past are its hopes and fears,



Past are its one-time cherished tips; gone are its "sure thing" steers,

And some ride home in auto cars, while some come home outside;

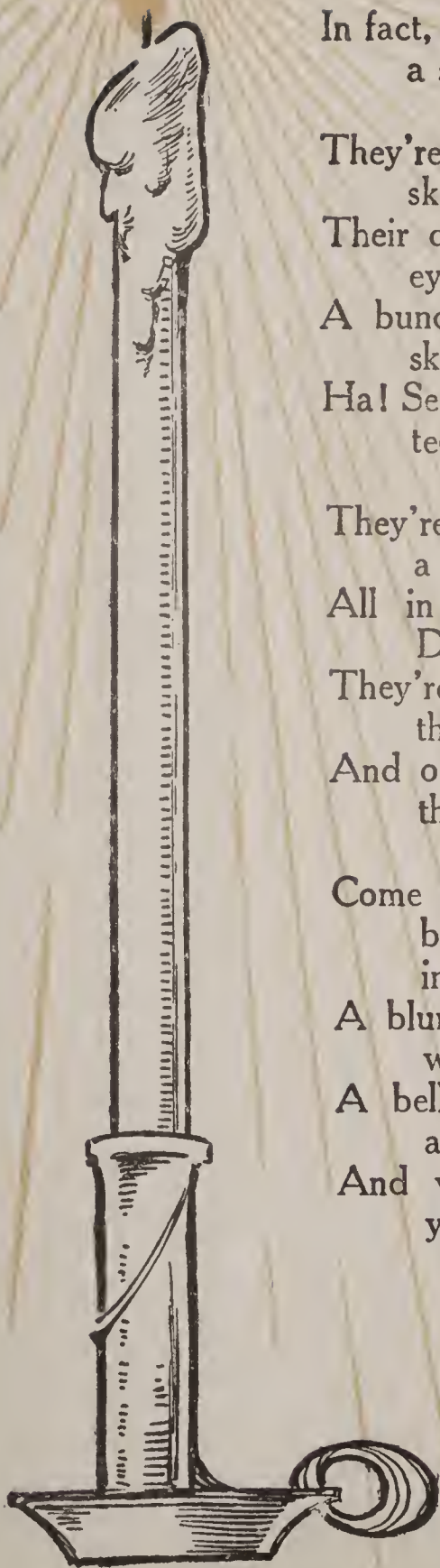
In fact, sometimes it costs too much to take a street-car ride.

* * *

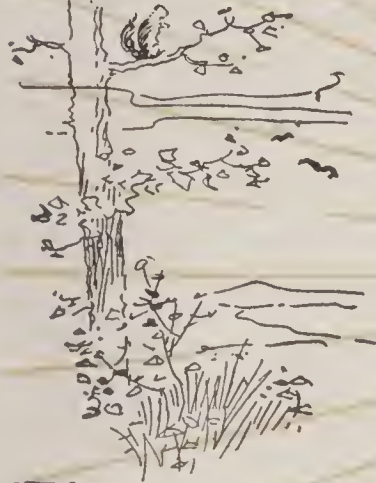
They're coming out in single file, their skins like satin gleaming,
Their dainty heads are tossed aloft, their eyes with gladness beaming,
A bunch of good ones all can see; the sky is clear and sunny;
Ha! See 'em lining up to start—it's Fourteen for our money!

They're OFF! Hurrah! A whir of sound, a dust cloud backward flowing,
All in a bunch they sweep around—D'jever see such going?
They're coming fast! Two far behind; their jockeys madly whipping
And one's in front—is that Fourteen?—the others far outstripping.

Come on! COME ON! Hurrah! Good boy! The frantic crowds are bawling;
A blur of color flashes past, the slashing whips are falling,
A bell clangs out; the cheers keep on, a storm of human thunder;
And where's Fourteen? He's not here yet—where can he be, I wonder?



WHEN



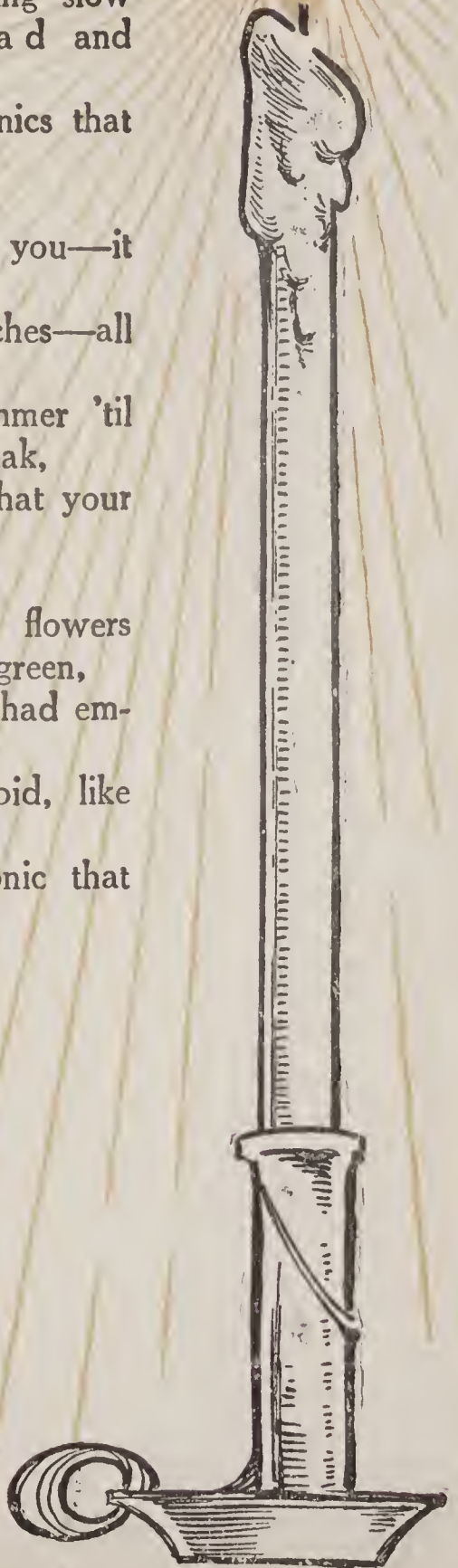
YOU heard the birds
a-singing in the
days you used to
know,

When you saw the
grass a-springing
through the sun-
rent veil of snow,
Then your heart
grew big, within
you, pulsing slow
and glad and
deep—

'Til you thought about spring tonics that
your mother used to keep.

Every day she'd grab and dose you—it
was sure to do you good;
It was thick and smelled like matches—all
except the sticks of wood,
And you'd long for fall or summer 'til
your heart would almost break,
For 'twas sulphur and molasses that your
mother used to make.

To be sure, when spring's pale flowers
were a-peeping through the green,
And the skill of Nature's brushes had em-
bellished all the scene,
You would loaf about, half-torpid, like
some winter-sleeping snake,
But you DIDN'T need that tonic that
your mother made you take.



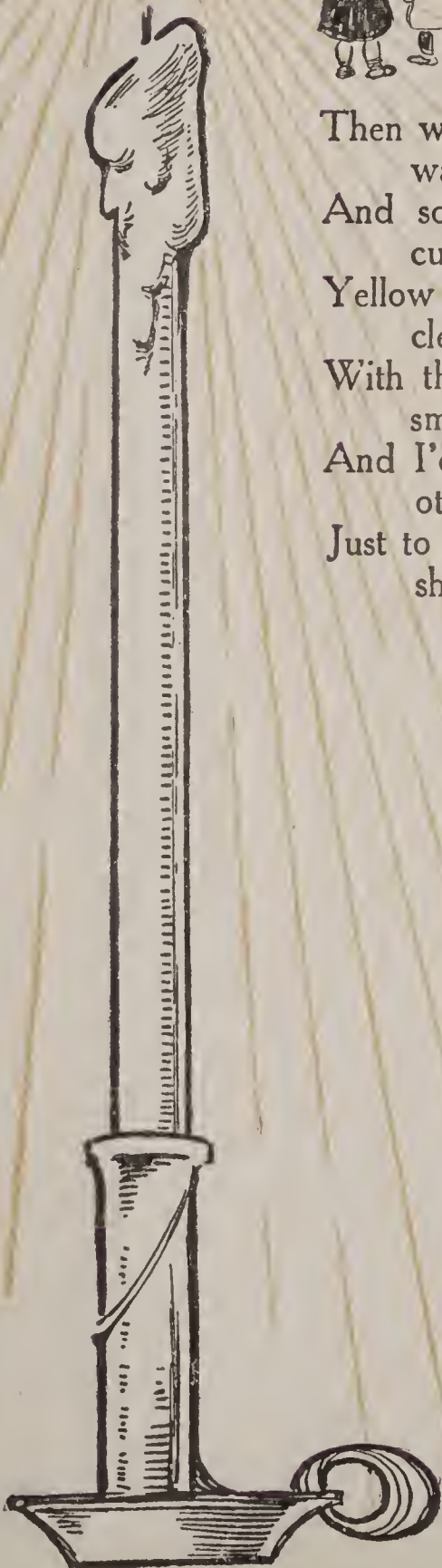
Just



A BLOCK around the
corner was old Mr.
Miller's place,
Where he'd plane an'
saw an' hammer, an'
get sawdust on his
face,

An' we used to hang
about him, for he
liked us little girls,
And he'd stop his saw
to let us grab some
nice, long shaving,
shaving curls.

Then we'd sit down on his lumber—there
was always plenty there,
And sometimes you'd think 'twas really
curls we fixed up in our hair—
Yellow curls that bobbed and twisted,
clean and thin and smooth and fine,
With the heat of summer in 'em and the
smell of yellow pine,
And I'd like to go back yonder with the
other little girls,
Just to beg old Mr. Miller for some of his
shaving curls.





THE world is just a
sort of stage —
footlights before
and flies above;

The play is going on
always—the audi-
ence is Those in
Love;

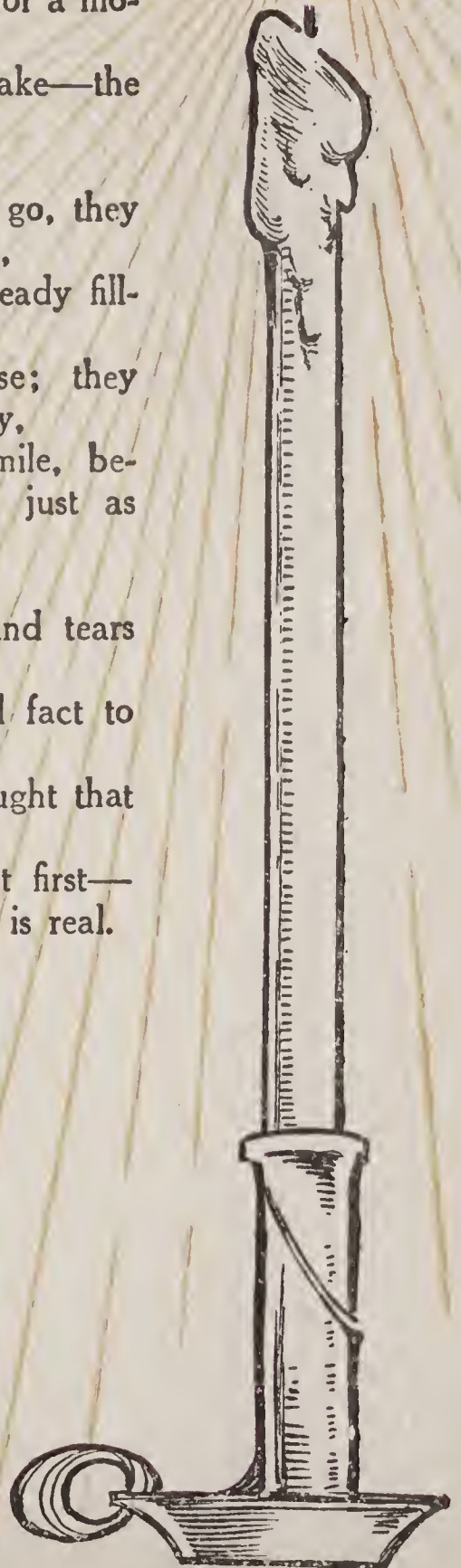


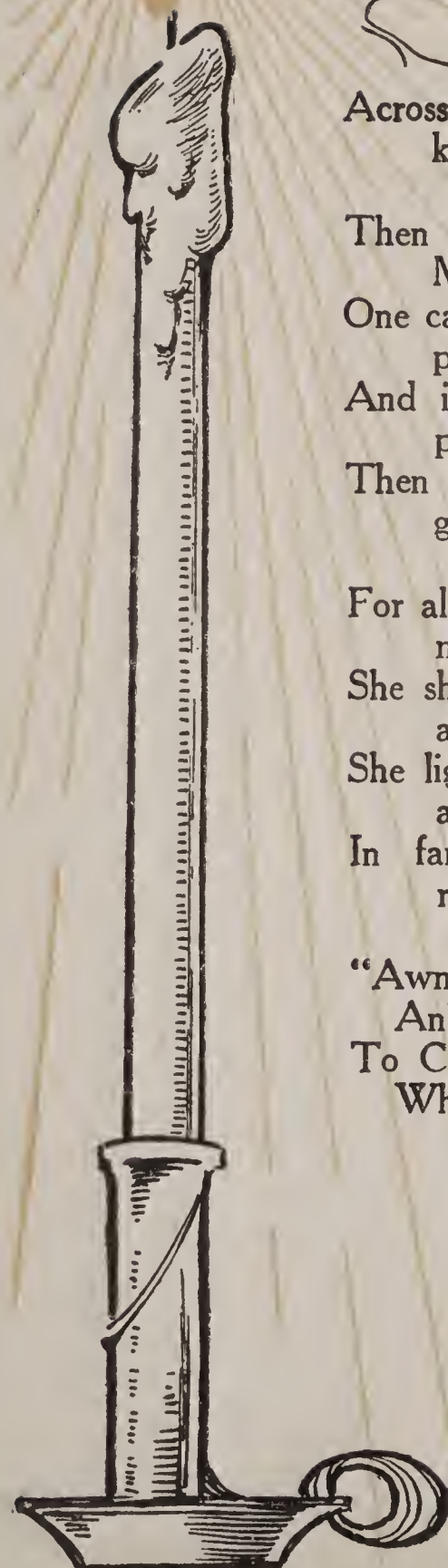
It sits and watches,
hand in hand, and
does not for a mo-
ment feel

The play is Life—it's all a fake—the
audience alone is real.

The actors pass, they come and go, they
play their foolish little parts,
To add their little to the joy already fill-
ing loving hearts;
Such foolish, painted people these; they
play at love—it's only play,
And those who watch them smile, be-
cause no actors could feel just as
they.

The play goes on with smiles and tears
until the curtain from above
Rolls down, a bleak and ragged fact to
chill an audience in love;
Left side by side, but with a thought that
lovers long together feel—
The world seemed like a play at first—
but somehow, some way, it is real.





BEFORE the fireplace, wide and deep, old Mammy dozes in her chair. Above, the flickering shadows creep on rough hewed rafters, black and square.

The fitful flashes from the fire send shafts of transient, ruddy light

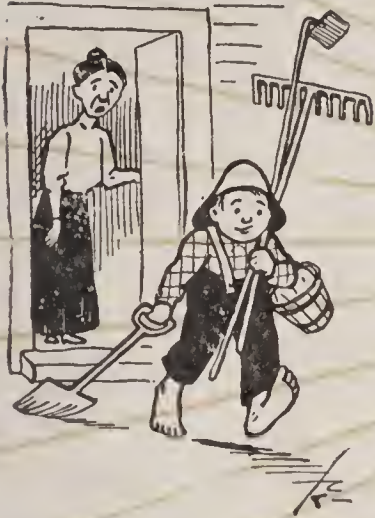
Across her spotless kitchen where she keeps her vigil, through the night.

Then sleep departs; all faithful souls like Mammy have to realize
One can not sleep and watch "light rolls" placed on the heated hearth to rise;
And in dismay, with anxious gaze, she peers into her pan of bread,
Then smiles that smile of older days—gone is her grim despair and dread.

For all is well, the clock ticks on—a varnished wonder brought from town.
She shifts her pan, her wide jaws yawn, and once again she settles down;
She lights her cob pipe with a coal, and as the smoke in azure rings,
In fanciful, erratic scroll ascends, she rocks herself and sings:

"Awn Jawdon's stawmy banks I st-an'
An' casteh wishful eye
To Ca-a-a-anan's faih an' happy lan'
Wheah mah possesshuns lie."

THEY



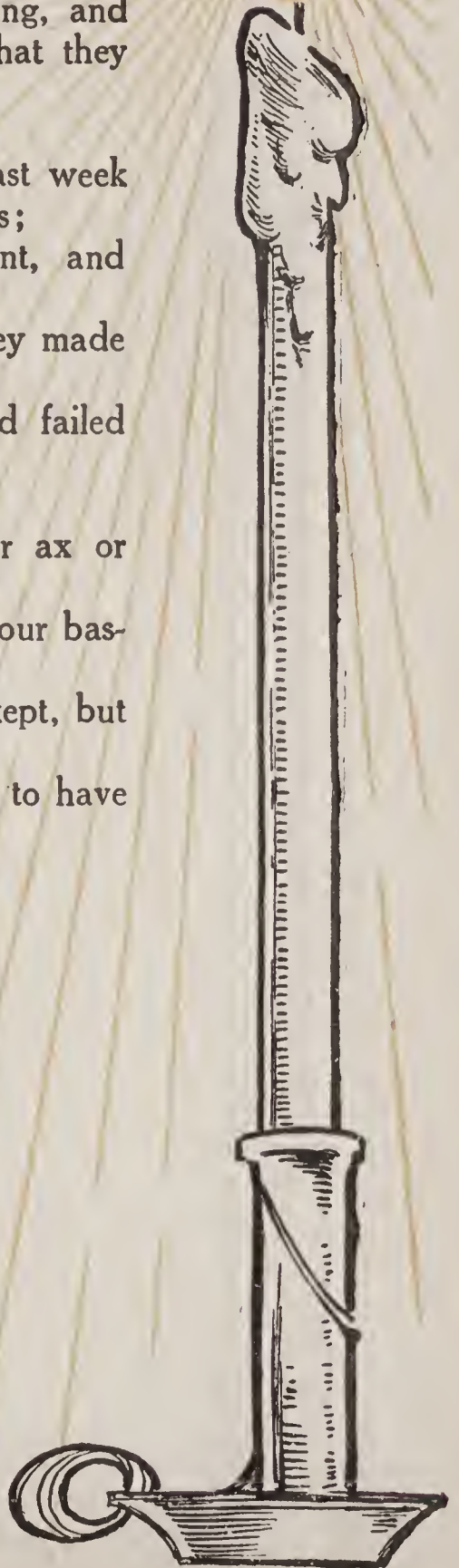
LIVE ACROSS the
street from us;
their name we
never knew,

But we can tell 'most
any time what
they intend to do,
Because they send
across to us, before
each act or deed

To ask if we have
such a thing, and
borrow what they
need.

The old man sprained his back last week
while setting out some flowers;
We know—they had no liniment, and
had to borrow ours;
And just the other day it was, they made
a jelly cake,
And got our pan, of course, and failed
to wash it, by mistake.

Whenever we need anything, our ax or
saw or nails,
Or hoe or rake or hose or spade, our bas-
kets or our pails
We never look where they were kept, but
know just what to do—
We send across the street and ask to have
them when they're through.



The



HAZE of smoke, like
evil clouds, hung o'er
the music hall;
The blurred and dingy
sporting prints showed
dim against the wall;
And as the music rolled
and swelled; the viols
rasped and screamed,
A man, his face hid on
his arms, amid the
discord dreamed.

At tables slopped with
dregs of beer the
crowds with ribald joke
Leered at the tawdry, dirty stage through
reeking fumes and smoke.
Unnoticed by the throngs, he hid his worn,
embittered face,
And dreamed of days that would not stay,
amid this sordid place.

* * * * *

He saw himself a little boy, beside his
mother's chair;
She told him "fairy stories" while she
smoothed his rumped hair;
There was no evil in the world—no pain
—he sobbed aloud;
With streaming eyes, he felt his way, half
blindly, through the crowd,
And stood out on the murky street while
screeching devils leered,
And urged him with his twitching hands
to kill the men who jeered.
But in his agony he prayed, and passed
the fury wild;
They found him lying cold in death, with
ashen lips that smiled,
But no one knew a mother's love at last
had saved her child.



MAN and a maid
in a hammock sat
Under the pale, cold
moon;

The hammock
bulged (for they
both were fat)

In the shape of a ba-
lloon;

The suffering trees
that the hammock
held

Bent low in their loss
of hope,

And grumbled low in their pain and woe
In the ear of the straining rope.

The old rope snarled and it creaked and
groaned

In the throes of its awful strain;

Its fibers popped and it softly moaned

In the toils of its grief and pain;

And then of a sudden was heard a crack,

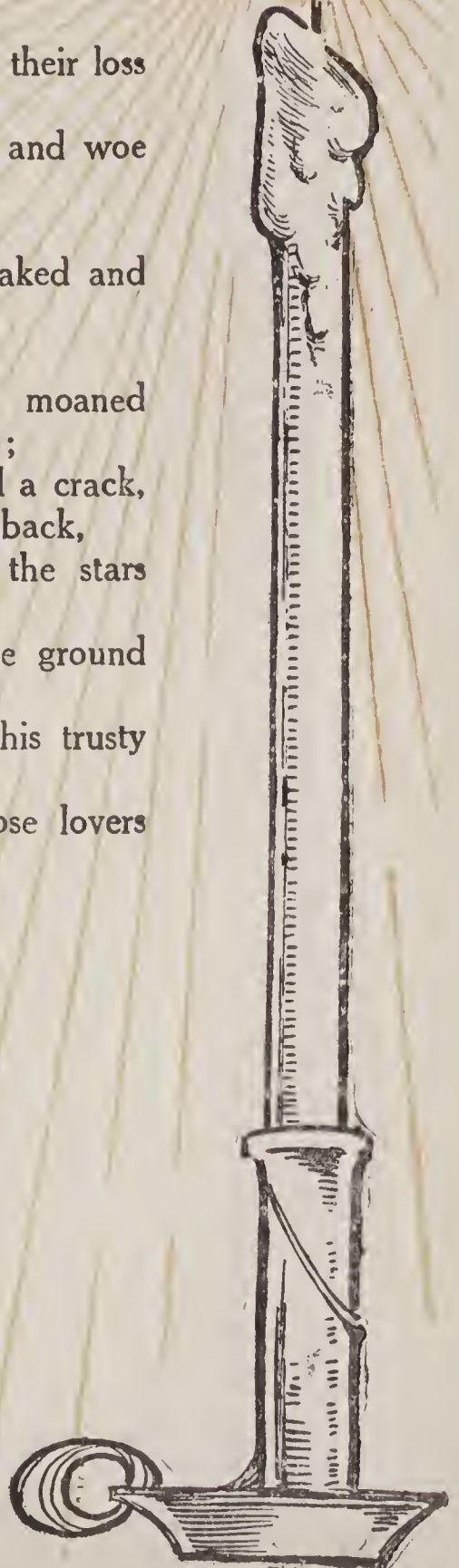
The suffering trees in relief flew back,

And the pole moon trembled, the stars
were jarred,

For the drop was sharp and the ground
was hard,

And the hired man came with his trusty
spade

And filled up the hole that those lovers
made.



AWAY



BACK in the golden days, don't you recall the games we played,

And chief among them, standing forth, the wonderful see-saw we made?

The carpenters had stopped their work and locked their tools up for the night,

But left a saw-horse and a plank—a lovely plank, exactly right

For balancing across that horse, so long it had a springy bend

When we would get it boosted up and then would straddle either end.

How high we went! It took your breath when we were 'way up in the air.

It felt just awful when the weight below you kept you hanging there.

Then down you'd go, and as you dropped from up above the world so high

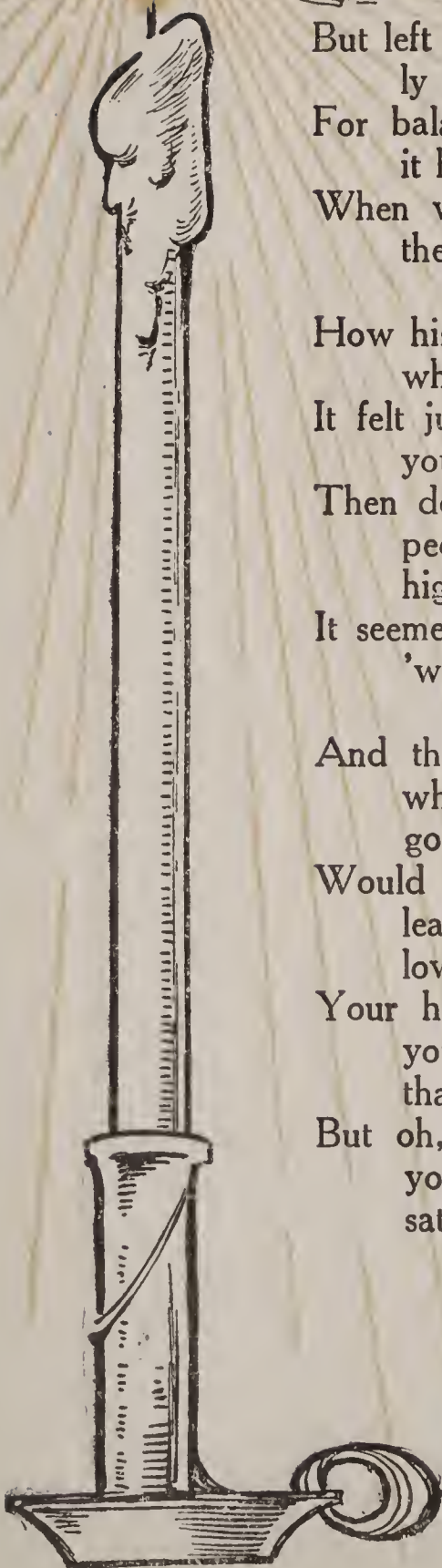
It seemed as if you'd left your soul stuck 'way up somewhere in the sky.

And then the boy you see-sawed with, when you were as high as you could go

Would roll off, and you dropped like lead, ker-wollop on the ground below.

Your head was jerked into your chest; you bit your tongue and things like that,

But oh, the pinwheels, stars and sparks you saw when on the ground you sat!



HOW



DEAR to my heart
are the scenes of my
childhood,

When fond recollec-
tion presents them to
view;

The grindstone I turned
for my father to
sharpen his ax—and
he threw all his
weight on it, too;

The strength of a farm-boy has no limi-
tations; at least that's the way they
impressed it on me;

So when I turn back to the days of my
boyhood, my father, his ax and that
grindstone I see.

The stone was lop-sided; its bearings were
rusty; it turned with a grating, a
squawk and a rasp;

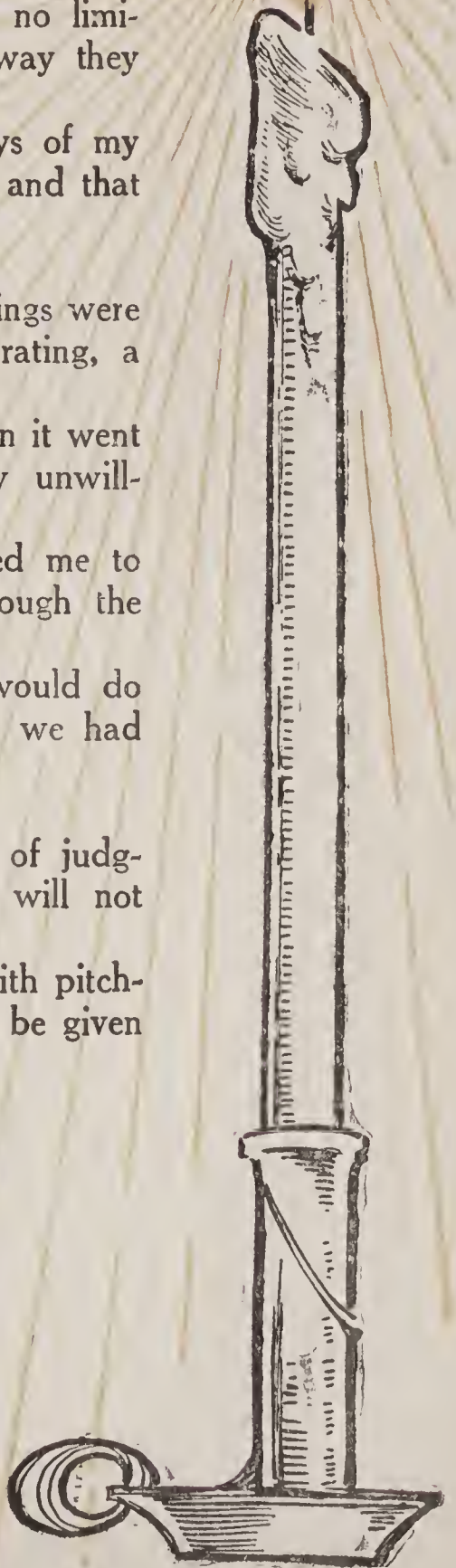
The handle had split, and the iron it went
on me callouses under my unwill-
ing grasp.

And pa kept me busy; he urged me to
hasten in order to get through the
job before night,

And when he got through he would do
it all over, in order to feel we had
done it just right.

If ever I'm lost in the last day of judg-
ment, I'm morally sure I will not
have to burn;

Ah, no; there'll be imps there with pitch-
forks to sharpen, and I will be given
the grindstone to turn.



WHEN



YOU are crouching
by the fire, and
shivering despite
its heat;

When on the win-
dow panes re-
sounds the patter-
ing of snow and
sleet,

Your thoughts some-
times speed back
to days when in
the cold you were
content,

When you would al-
most pray for snow, and didn't care
what frost-bite meant.

With ears wrapped in a woollen scarf and
cheeks a vivid purple-red.

You'd plunge with whoops into the snow,
—the lovely snow—and drag your
sled,

And people as the hours passed by would
step out on the porch and scold

For fear you'd freeze, and you would
shout—"Come in? What fer?

W'y, we ain't COLD!"

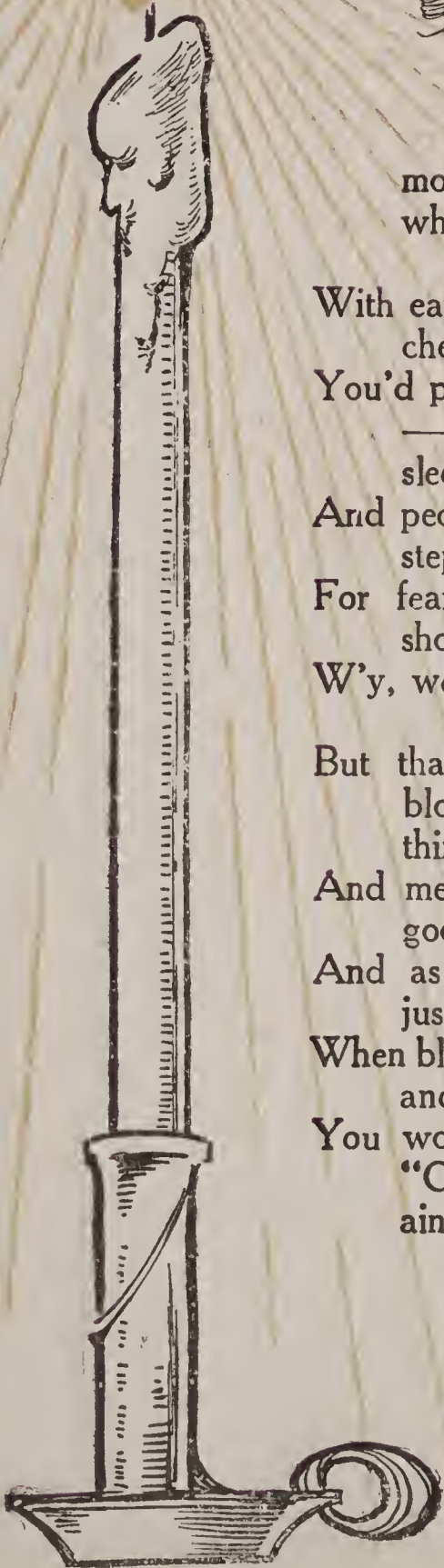
But that's been many years ago; your
blood and hair have both grown
thin;

And mention of the snow and ice makes
gooseflesh on your tender skin,

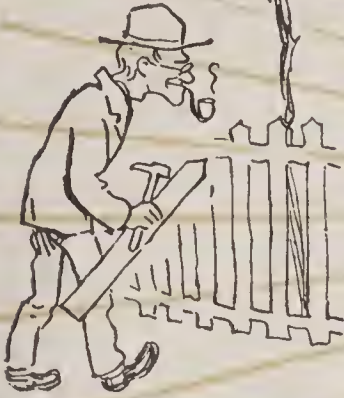
And as you shiver, how you wish that
just as in those days of old,

When blood was young and warm and red,
and life was one bright blaze of gold,

You wouldn't shiver, but could shout—
"Come in? What fer? W'y we
ain't COLD?"



GRANPA



HE just can't bear
to rest; he's rest-
less as can be;

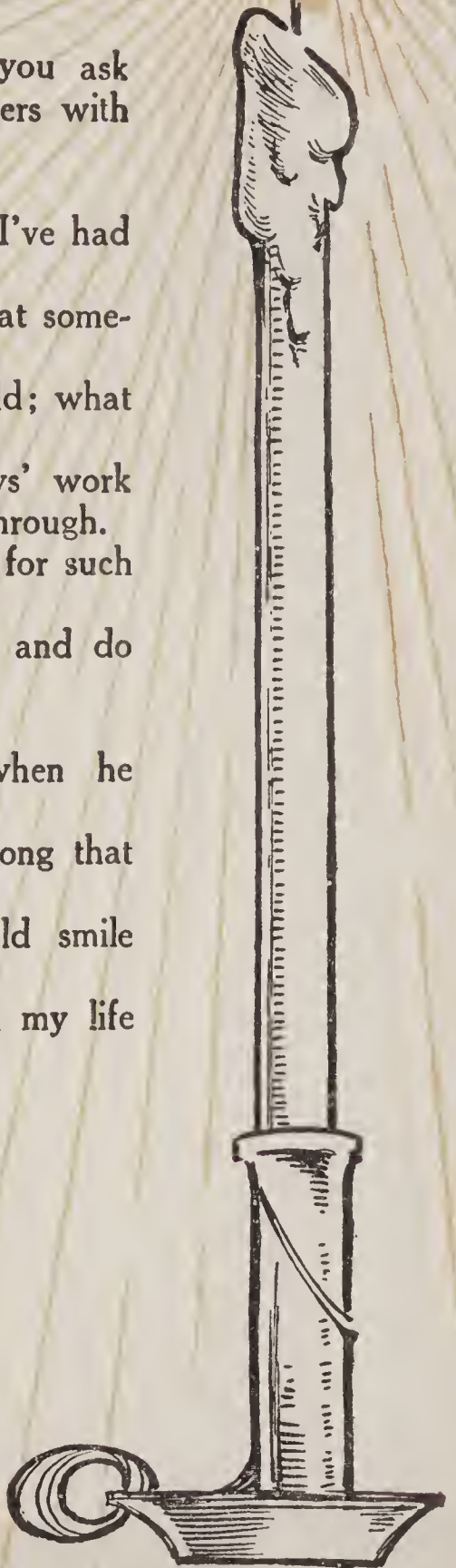
He potters all about
the place, and
straightens up a
tree,

Or nails a picket
on the fence, or
throws rocks in a
pile,

And when you ask
him why he does, he answers with
a smile:

"Oh, well, I sorter hate to rest. I've had
my work so long
It seems to me if I should stop that some-
thing would go wrong.
Don't bother, boys, I'm gettin' old; what
little work I do
Don't count beside the hard days' work
you young ones can get through.
I'm wearing out now, pretty fast for such
a strong old man—
You'd better let me go my way and do
what work I can."

It makes ma cry sometimes when he
comes in so tired and weak
From workin' like that all day long that
he can scarcely speak,
But he just smiles his queer old smile
that's sad and happy, too,
"Go 'long," he says. "W'y all my life
I've had my work to do."



SHE

WAS winding colored zephyr, and the young man, full of joy,

Held it on his hands and told her he did that when just a boy;

But he didn't, from his station at her feet, but yet sublime,

Tell her that his feelings differed—very much so—at the time.



For his mother was the winder, and from his unwilling hands

She would wind with skillful motion on a ball the purple strands,

Pausing now and then to slap him as he dropped a coil or so,

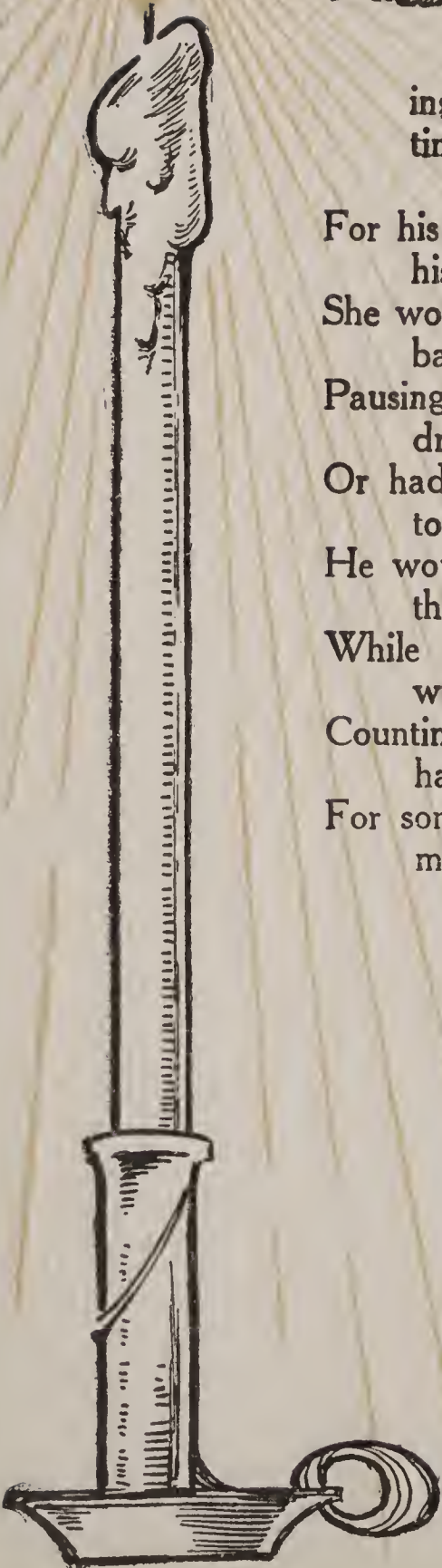
Or had kept his fingers rigid and forgot to let it go.

He would watch the others playing, with the eyes boys have behind,

While his forward eyes were wearied with the ceaseless wind and wind.

Counting every loop he loosened from the hands that weighed a ton,

For sometimes a small boy's torture to a man is merely fun.

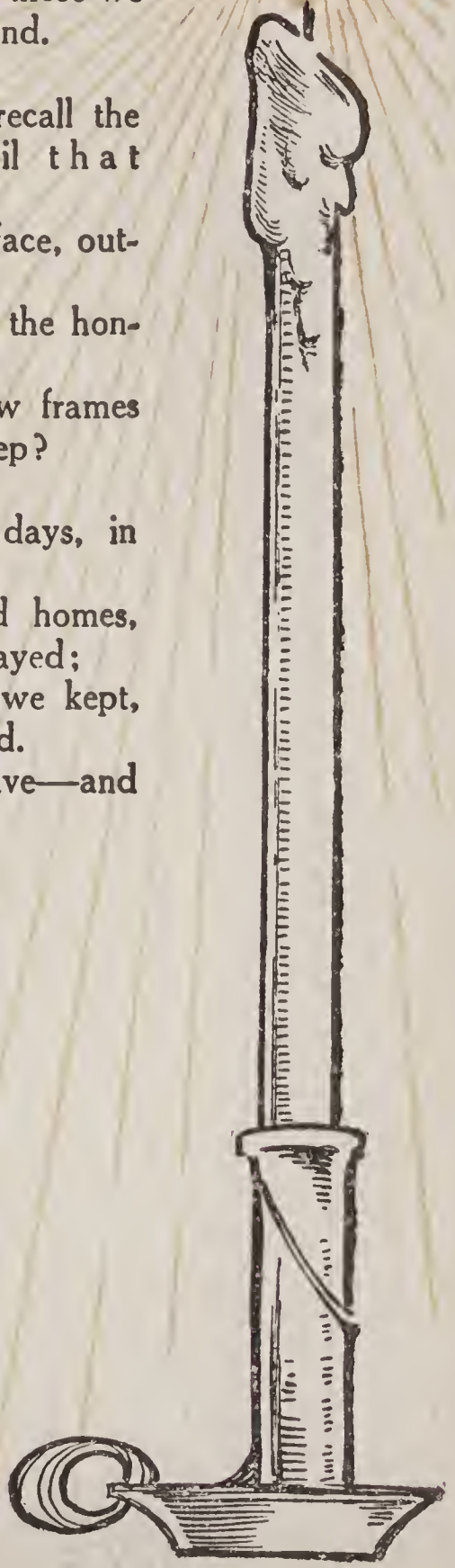




I'd GIVE it all up if I
could, the life we
live today;
And go back to the
dear old times that
seem so far away,
For try as hard as
mortal can, you're
very sure to find
The sweetest periods
of life are those we
leave behind.

Don't you recall the
water pail that
held the handled gourd?
The basin where you wash your face, out-
side there on a board?
The honest food we had to eat, the hon-
est beds for sleep,
And how through honest window frames
the morning sun would creep?

We had no counterfeits those days, in
men or what they made;
The homes we built were solid homes,
and where they rose they stayed;
And friendships that we gained we kept,
for all the world was good.
I'd give it all up—what we have—and
go back if I could.





USED to get up in
the cold when you
and I were little
fellows;

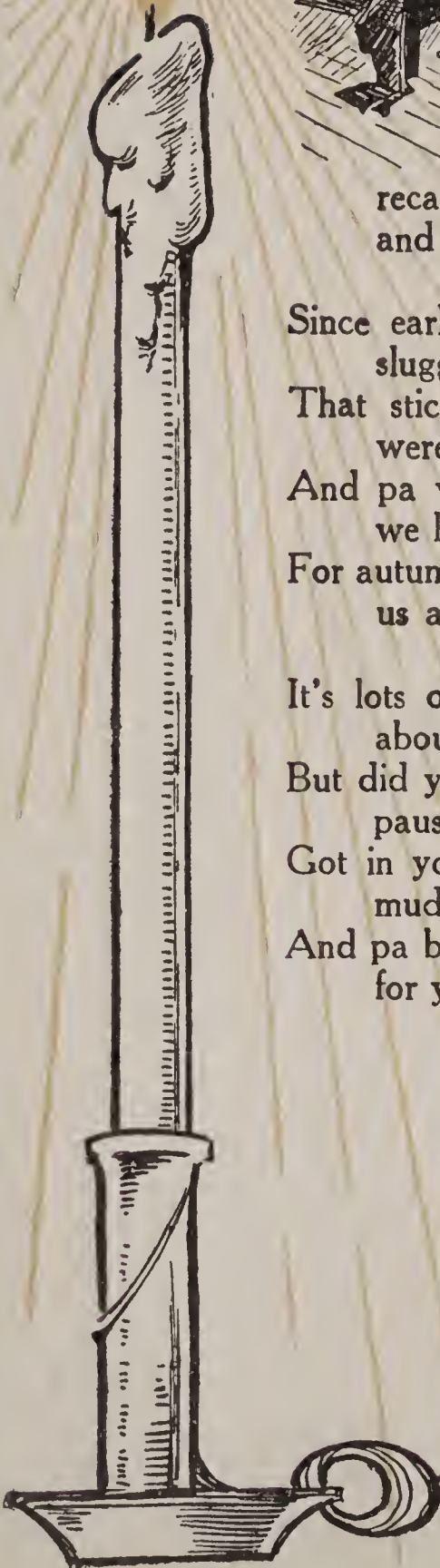
The air was crisp,
and autumn leaves
were gay with
scarlet tints and
yellows;

The woodpile with
its gnarled old
sticks with frost
was white and
thickly coated,

And pa, you will
recall, went out and saw that pile
and simply gloated.

Since early youth we'd used a saw, our
sluggish wit, urged on, discerning
That sticks four feet or more in length
were not of sizes fit for burning;
And pa would show us what to do, but
we had no real use for showing—
For autumn days of other years had taught
us all we felt worth knowing,

It's lots of fun to take a book and read
about the fires of winter,
But did you ever saw for hours, and only
pause when some big splinter
Got in your thumb, and when about the
mud was sticky in its thawing,
And pa back in the stable lot would shout
for you to keep on sawing?





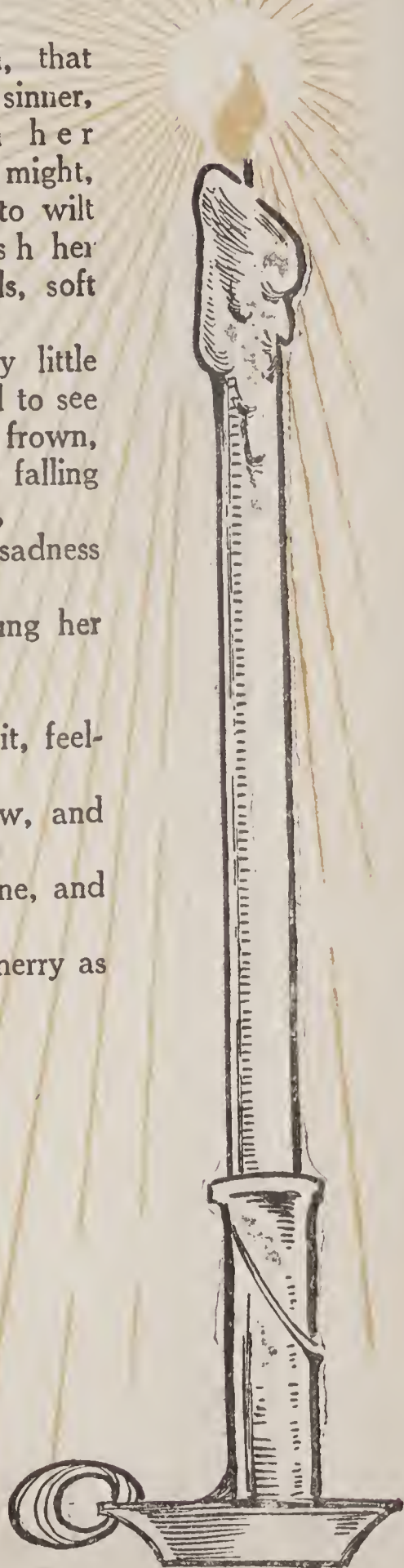
THE field a little
daisy stood and
nodded at the sun;
She was bright and
brisk and merry,
and her one
thought was of
fun;

And the sun, that
stern old sinner,
frowned on her
with all his might,
Striving hard to wilt
and crush her
dainty petals, soft
and white.

But the happy little
daisy smiled to see
his heated frown,

'Til the night's cool shades were falling
and the sun was going down,
With his harsh face tinged with sadness
as he slowly went to bed,
And the daisy, now repentant, hung her
dainty little head.

All night long she drooped about it, feel-
ing in her little heart
She had hurt the sun, poor fellow, and
her tears began to start,
But with morning came the sunshine, and
a smile of ruddy gold
Cheered her heart, and made her merry as
the sun beamed as of old.



THEY



ROWED about the
silent lake along its
wooded shores;

Her eyes were fixed
upon the moon, while
his were on the oars;

Her dress was like a
washing - rag, his
knuckles scarred and
red,

Her hat was crooked,
where an oar had
rapped her on the
head.

His shoes were full of
squashy mud; his knees were bruised
and sore.

His chin felt like a punching bag, from
contact with an oar;

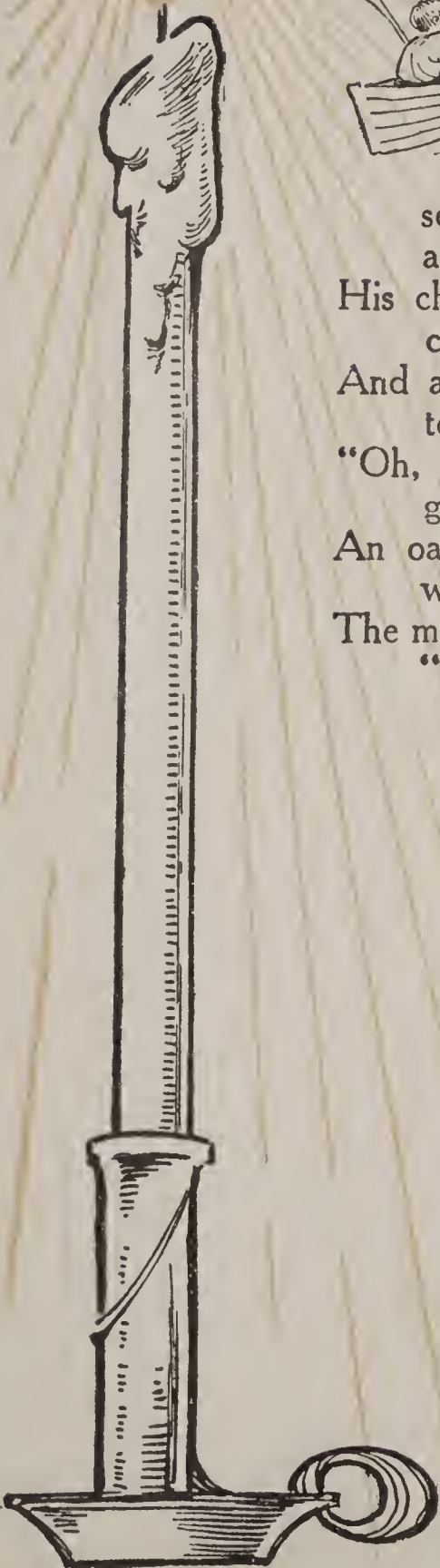
And as they traveled 'round the lake, in
tender tones he sighed —

“Oh, that we might drift on always to-
gether on life's tide.”

An oar flew up and whacked her head
with ring of bone on wood;

The maiden smiled a happy smile—

“Oh, Jawge, I wish we could!”





WEEDS are high
on grandpa's farm;
the fences, old and
torn,

No longer guard his
well-tilled fields;
the roads, once
smoothly worn,

Are grown with
grass, and one can
find no trace of
wheel-marks there.

For Grandpa now
has gone to rest, and others do not
care.

There is the rose-bush that he loved, with
crimson blossoms crowned,

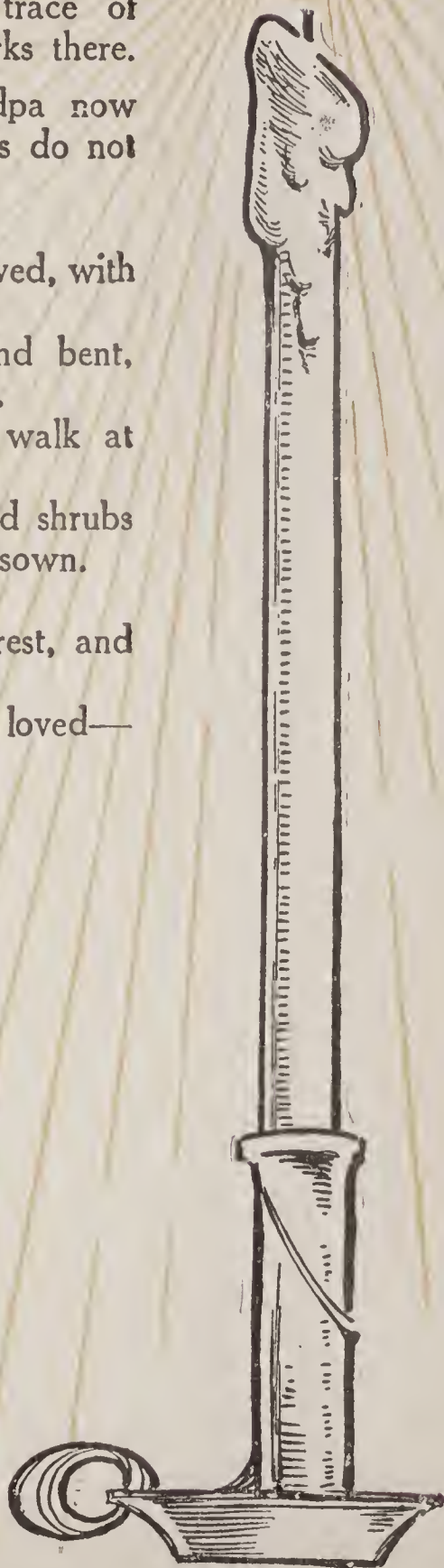
Although its limbs, unpruned and bent,
now drag upon the ground.

The garden where he used to walk at
evening all alone

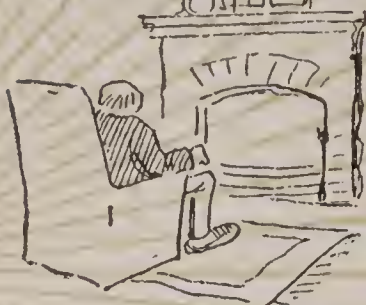
Is grown with gnarled and twisted shrubs
and weeds the winds have sown.

But Grandpa now has gone to rest, and
no hand labors there

To keep the old place that he loved—
for others do not care.



WHEN



YOU are sitting
by the fire, burned
low in your dim
room;

When in the shadow
ticks the clock, and
all about is gloom,
Sometimes a thought
comes with its
pain, flashed

through your weary head—

And how you wish a voice would say—
“Come, dear, it’s time for bed.”

It’s been so long since some one cared;
since one’s affection deep

Watched through your hours of wakeful-
ness and watched your hours of
sleep;

And now you watch the clock yourself,
and view its hands with dread,

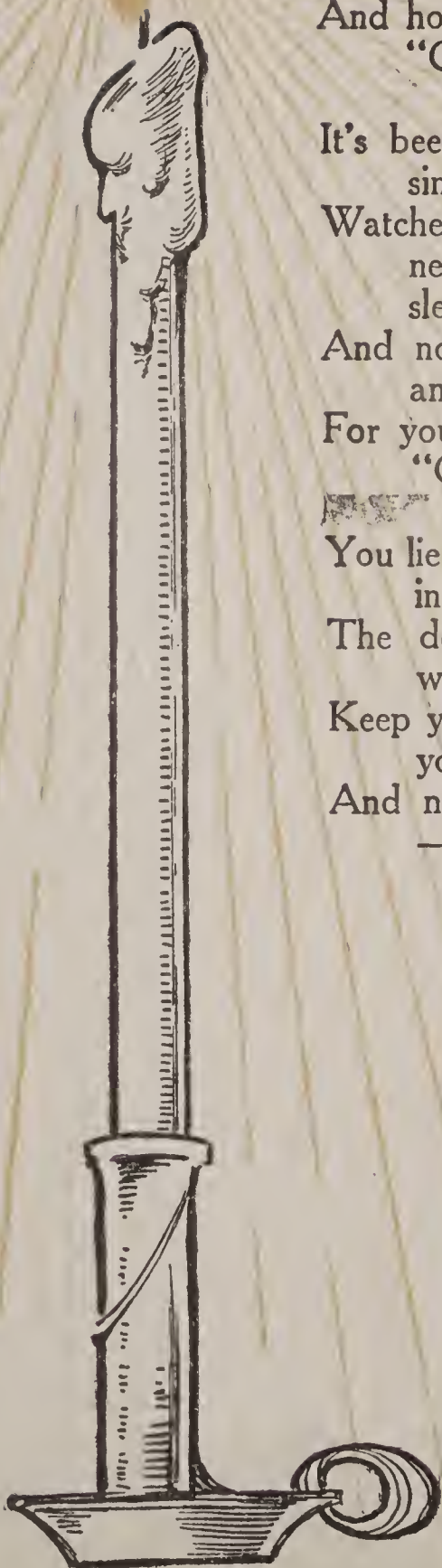
For you must sleep, and no one says—
“Come, dear, it’s time for bed.”

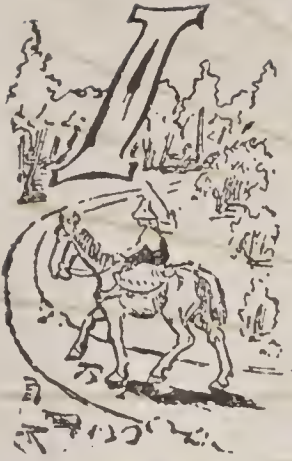
You lie awake for hours, perhaps, wrapped
in your web of thought;

The demons of your soul’s unrest that
words or acts have brought

Keep you awake, for no one came to kiss
your rumpled head,

And no voice roused you, loving, sweet
—Come, dear, it’s time for bed.”





SEE it quite plainly though
years have passed by me
—the old road back
home that once led to
the mill;

Unkept and ungraded it
twisted and wandered;
it wound through the
valley and over the hill.

Below shone the river in
glimpses of silver that
only were seen through the tops of
the trees,

Where they, far below in the green of the
valley, were swayed to and fro by
the warm summer breeze.

I see myself now, as I sat on the meal
sack, my feet spread apart by the
width of the load,

Just wishing and wishing the miles would
grow shorter, the miles that led
home on that hog-rooted road.

The squirrels would chatter in trees as I
passed them; the horse would sleep
fast as he waddled along;

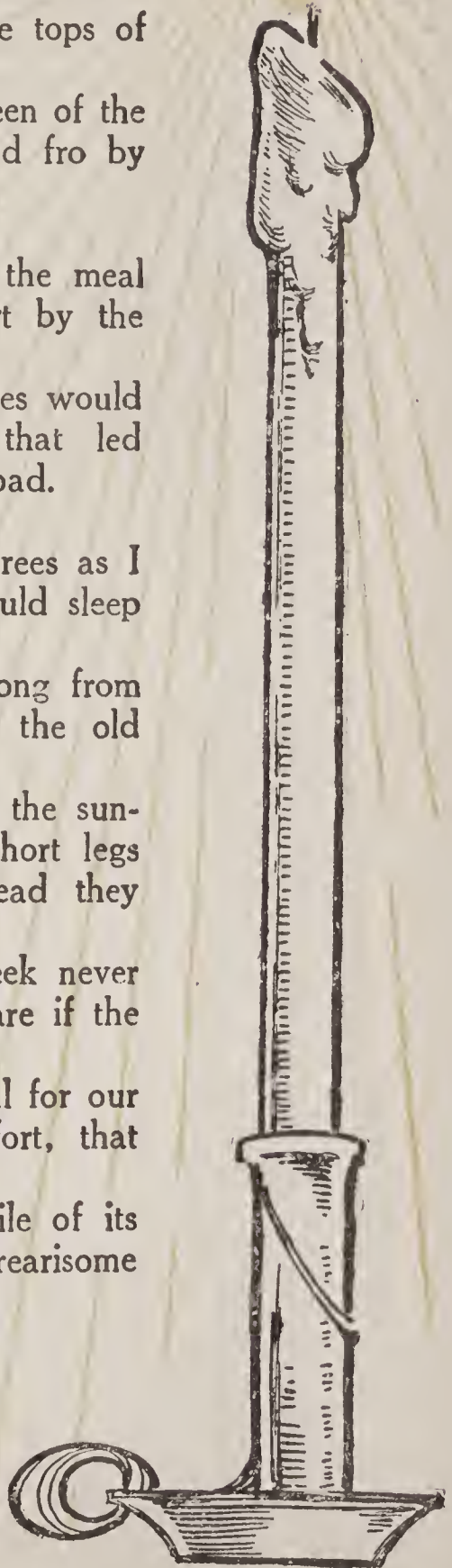
The perfume of flowers was strong from
the valley, and that from the old
plug was equally strong.

The meal would creep up, and the sun-
beams would blister; my short legs
would ache from the spread they
assumed,

So what did I care if the creek never
rippled, and what did I care if the
dogwood ne-er bloomed?

I had to get home with that meal for our
supper; that dusty discomfort, that
lop-sided load,

And now I can see it, each mile of its
many; that wearisome, drearisome
water-mill road.



WHEN we drove to church in summer in the days of long ago,



And the pike was hot and dusty so the weeds were white as snow,

On each side it looked like Sunday,

maybe from some restful cow;

Maybe from the fact that no one was quite bad enough to plow.

Everything was very quiet, and the world seemed full of peace,

Fields were green and birds would chatter everywhere up in the trees.

And we felt so good and happy, 'til we'd, looking backward, find

That the dog, a dusty whirlwind, was in rapid chase behind.

"Drat that dog!" our pa would mutter, "GO BACK HOME! You hear me? GIT!"

While the dog, amazed and longing, in the dusty road would sit,

And on glancing back our father would observe, with anger sore,

Something, like a yellow dust-cloud, chasing us just as before.

To be sure somebody snickered; couldn't help it for the world;

And on him in disapproval—call it that—our father whirled;

So when we would tie the horses with the others to a limb,

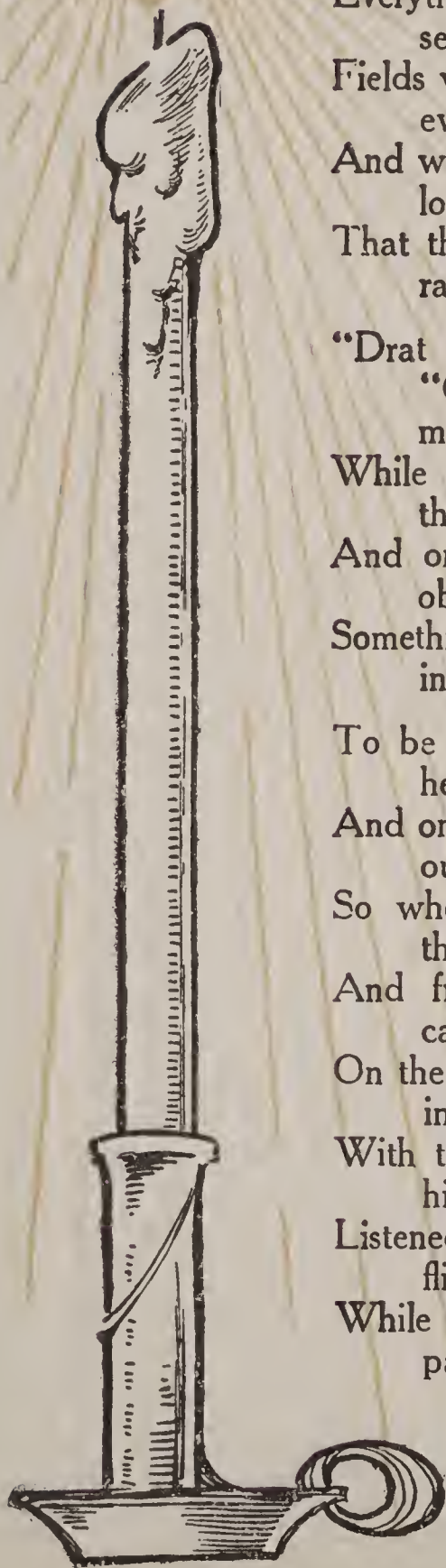
And from out the little church house came some old familiar hymn,

On the wagon seat a figure, left alone and in disgrace,

With the streaks of tears still showing on his dusty little face

Listened to the hum of preaching, fighting flies in mighty swarms,

While a dog, elate but dusty, snuggled, panting, in his arms.





ON THE TRAIN in
seats adjoining, sat
a maiden and a
man,

Both looked straight
and hard before
them, fixedly as
people can;

And the porter gazed
in sorrow; then a
thought dispelled
his gloom—

They were doing it a purpose; plainly they
were bride and groom!

Had he known, he almost hit it; only they
in bitter pride

Had been parted by a quarrel and their
sitting side by side

Was by chance, a turn of fortune, with
a touch of bitter-sweet,

That had left them, cold and distant on a
single cushioned seat.

Then the porter came and whispered in
his broadened view of life—

“Cunnel, lemme fetch er pilluh. Spec yuh
want hit fo’ yo’ wife.”

And departed, grinning broadly as they
met each other’s eyes,

Coming back to find them laughing as he
handed them the prize.

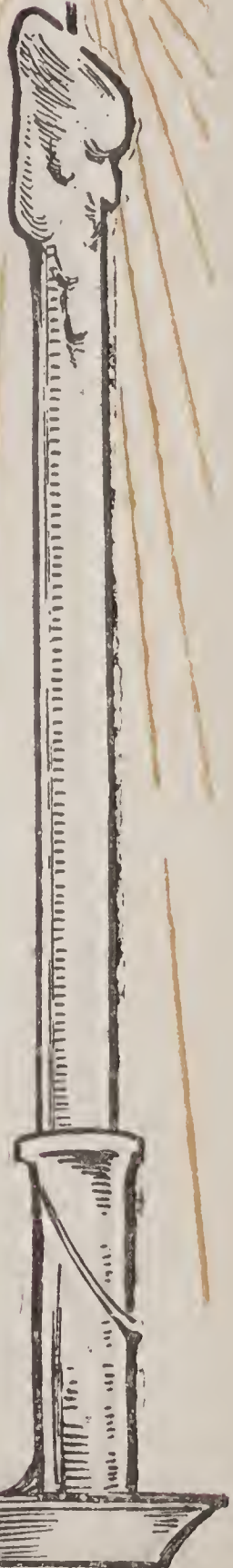
And the porter, on the platform, gripped
the dollar he had earned,

And upon the rails receding in the gloom
his eyes he turned;

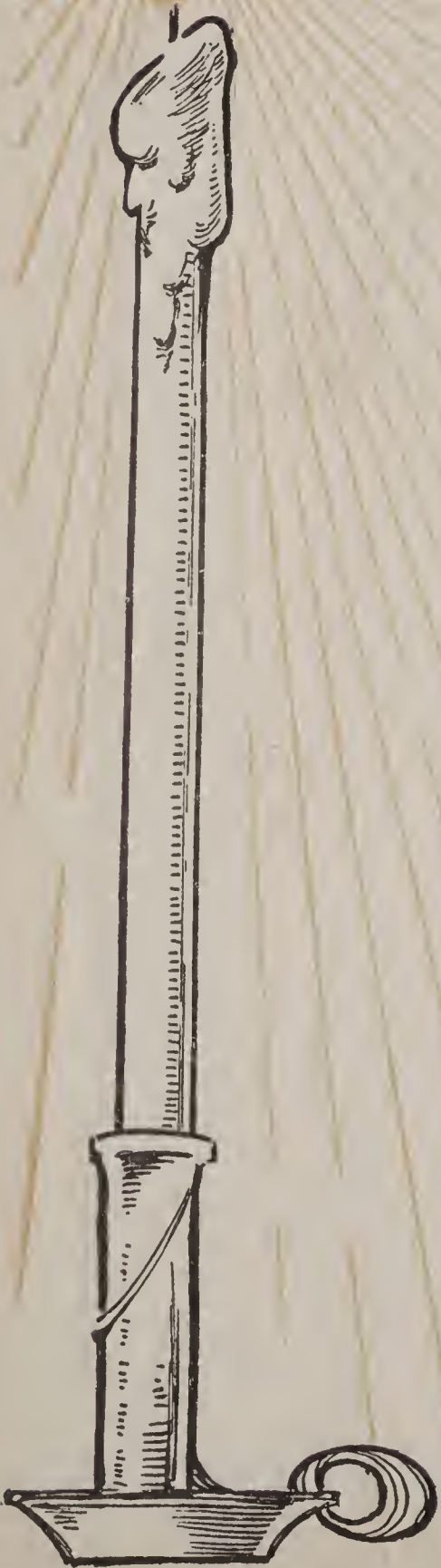
“Dey wuz pooty good,” he murmured,

“Dat’s er fine old game t’ play,

But dey’s honeymooners sartin; I kin spot
’em any day.”



DEC 29 1910



Finis

One copy del. to Cat. Div.

Oct 21 1914

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 027 017 042 0